The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.

VOL. 1—NO. 33. FRANCE, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1918 PRICE: 50 CENTIMES. UNITED STATES, 10 CENTS. GREAT BRITAIN, SIXPENCE.

FIRST ARMY, A.E.F., NIPS OFF SALIENT IN OPENING DRIVE

Swift, Successful Blow at St. Mihiel Nets Over 15,000 Prisoners

GERMAN PLAN KNOCKED IN

Sector "Northwest of Toul," First French Home of Yanks, Comes to Life With Bang

The First American Army, commanded in the field by General John J. Pershing, struck its first blow last week.

It was a blow sudden, swift and beyond all shadow of doubt successful.

Supported by French Colonials, that Army closed like a giant pair of pincers on the old, heavily entrenched salient which the Germans had held ever since they dug themselves in after their failure at the first Battle of the Marne—closed in and in less than two days obliterated that salient from the fast-changing German war map.

The Germans immediately announced that they never had wanted the old salient anyway, that they had always had half a mind to evacuate it, that they knew the blow was coming and that they had craftily withdrawn just in time. But by way of comment one these protestations, the grinning doughboy can — and does — point to pens packed with more than 15,000 prisoners of all ranks and conditions, more than 200 captured guns, hundreds upon hundreds of machine guns, a king's ransom in captured material, millions upon millions of dollars' worth of locomotives, railway supplies, shells, clothing, food and rifles, to say nothing of the great stores that were burned in the precipitate German retreat.

Apparently history will show that they meant to withdraw from part of the salient and were caught in the act.

The Late Lamented Salient

If this was a withdrawal "according to plan," something must have gone slightly amiss with the plan.

The St. Mihiel salient was an ungainly snout projecting from the German line, an area of some 150 square miles, almost half the size of the Château-Thierry salient. The Germans had clung to it grimly since the second month of the war, because it held a bit of fair and fertile French land in bondage, because it annihilated a precious French railway junction and thus cut completely the short and easy communication between lonesome Verdun and Lorraine, and because it had proved, and might again prove, useful in any attack on Verdun.

The sentiment which fired the charging doughboys who, in two marvellous and unforgettable days, wiped that salient off the map, drew some of its strength from the fact that one of their points of departure was the American home sector, the oft-sung, oft-chronicled sector "northwest of Toul," which was taken over on that balmy and historic day nine months ago when American troops first entered the line to hold it.

Surely the advancing host was stimulated to high endeavor by the fact that behind them now lay Xivray, Seicheprey and Apremont Forest, that behind them, too, lay their shrine of Domremy, where Joan of Arc was born and which no German soldier shall ever profane by entering. Ahead of them—half-hopefully, half incredulously agaiting them—were many dear French towns and villages that had known the German officer as master through four most bitter years.

Liberty Comes Again

It was fine to witness the greeting which met them in each liberated village, the old folks creeping out of the cellars, fingering their beads and falling to their knees in prayers and tears of incoherent thanksgiving, the young girls flinging their arms around the embarrassed but highly gratified doughboys and kissing them again and again in the name of Liberté, Egalité and Fraternité.

It was fine to see the small children gazing curiously at these soldiers, so different in looks and manner from the gray-clad troops who were the only soldiers they had ever beheld. It was fine to see the pathetic little tricolors that had been sewn in stealth against the dawn of the great day, brave, badly-made French flags, suddenly emerge from their hiding places and flutter joyously from many a shattered window.

It was fine to be in St. Mihiel redeemed on Thursday when Capt. Clemenceau, son of the Tiger, led his Colonials into the wondering city, or again on that gala day—a week ago today—when once more French music sounded gaily in the square, when General Pershing and General Pétain shook hands in the street and when Secretary Baker led the grand-nephew of Lafayette to the bleak remains of the Lafayette chateau.

It had been a question of a carefully planned attack working with almost startling precision. A question of overwhelming artillery ripping up and disorganizing all the German works within the area. A question of a big, bouncing young Army, armed to the teeth and the teeth themselves glistening in a supremely confident grin. It had been a case of that Army's charging over the desolation that was No Man's Land, flattening out what resistance there was as a tank flattens out barbed wire entanglements and, by the quite unexpected swiftness of its rush, cutting off the retreat of the thousands upon thousands of Germans who had decided the time had come for them to leave.

Thursday, September 12, 1918

The battle began in the first hours of Thursday, September 12, 1918.

Had one guessed what was coming and on Wednesday at midnight made his way to one of the crests that look out over the rolling, little-wooded countryside behind St. Mihiel, he would have been in position to behold one of the great spectacles of this war.

At midnight, the tanks were set, the Infantry was ready, each man with his rounds of ammunition. Shoulder to shoulder with them were the groups of

Continued on Page 2

HANDSHAKE LINKS PATROLS' MEETING IN SALIENT'S CORE

Sergeant Tells Story of Historic Junction of Advancing Yank Forces

PRISONERS MADE EN ROUTE

East and West Join After March Through Darkest of Nights and Thickest of Woods

The first proof that the St. Mihiel salient had been wiped off the war map was provided in the meeting of advance American patrols in Hattonville.

This is the story as Sergeant Herd, who was one of the advance patrols, tells it. He was the first man to reach the place where the Yankee line was welded together.

I started out Thursday with my squad to reach the first objective and then continue the patrol.

I think the first experience that brought any real thrill came when I reached Nonsard. Coming into this town, we heard singing down the street. When we went forward to investigate, we found a number of French girls in a bomb-proof dugout singing "The Rosary." They came out as we approached, and when they saw we were Americans—well, I don't think any of us ever got a finer reception.

On Toward Hattonville

Then we began to push along. It was tough going that night, as it was raining and bitter dark, and the woods through that part of the country are as thick as underbrush. But with the aid of a small compass we held our direction, worked our way carefully along, and reached each objective on time.

Here and there we'd run across a wagon and take it for a big gun. Here and there, too, we'd bump into a few loose Germans, round them up and start them to the rear.

I reached my last objective just before daylight, and then decided to push on to Hattonville in the hope of meeting an American patrol coming the other way.

I left the squad behind and took only Scotty with me. We left our rifles and packs and simply took our side arms, as it was long, hard marching, and we were pretty well worn out.

Hattonville rests down in a valley, and at dark is ordinarily hard to find, but Scotty and I had luck here. We suddenly saw a burst of flame and knew that Hattonville was burning, with the Boche in retreat. So, with this flame to guide us, we moved carefully on our way, on the lookout for any surprise.

I cut in by a graveyard back of the town and then went on in. About the first people I saw were five Austrians under an Austrian lieutenant. They didn't feel much like fighting, because they surrendered at once. So we took them in a tow and then kept on moving to see what might be ahead.

From the Other Direction

Just at the edge of the town I saw two Yanks coming in from the other direction. Then I knew that we had the salient nipped off, that our lines had been joined up.

It was a wonderful sight to see these two men, for I understood what it meant. They had come from another outfit and were even more tired than we were, as they had been marching with full equipment. We both probably thought the others were Boches at first, but it didn't take us long to find out the difference.

It was still pouring rain, just faintly light, and we had been on the go for about 16 hours, so we didn't have an awful lot of conversation to spare. But we passed the time of day, shook hands to complete the last link and took another look around to see that no Boche had been overlooked.

These patrols also reported a number of prisoners they had rounded up and had started back to the rear, where they went with great willingness. One of them had run into a German colonel. But instead of coming out to surrender, he sent his man out to announce that he was willing to be taken prisoner, so they went in and got him.

Back With the Austrians

After meeting the first patrol, I started back with my Austrian outfit. It was then I met the other patrol, for there were three sets working, and that was complete evidence that all of us had reached our final objectives and that the entire salient was in American hands.

The hardest part of the work was the long night march through the woods, where we never knew at just what minute we'd run across Boches looking for battle or stumble on a machine gun nest. I have never seen a darker night or thicker woods.

After I had met the two patrols and knew the line was joined up, I went on back a kilometer and a half to the place where I had left my squad, taking the Austrian detachment along. I then sent word back that the meeting had been effected and that the line across the salient was intact.

NEW CHIEFS ON STAFF

A Chief of Infantry and a Chief of Cavalry have been established as members of the staff of the Commander-in-Chief and will act as advisors on their respective branches.

The new officers, under G.O. 150, are charged with inspecting all infantry and cavalry, with respect to organization, training, material and equipment, methods, and all other phases affecting efficiency.

They will be responsible for preparation of all details in instruction and training of their respective branches, and will inspect training schools and make recommendations to the Chief of Staff.

They will also prepare drafts of infantry and cavalry manuals and other literature on their services.

Their supervision of infantry and cavalry units will continue until these units have been assigned to tactical units.

AIRMEN IN FIGHT WHOLE DAY AHEAD, HARASS RETREAT

American and French Flyers Have All the Best of Sky Warfare

THREE HUNS IN 10 MINUTES

Yankee Major Lands in Convoy of German Prisoners—Lieut. Putnam, Ace of Aces, Killed

The air activity in the fighting which effaced the St. Mihiel salient befitted the rest of the action.

American airmen were in the air in force and, in co-operation with the French, were as spectacularly successful in their element as the Infantry and other branches of the service were in theirs.

From the doughboy viewpoint, there never before had been such a show of American strength in the air, never such support. From the standpoint of a spectacle, it was a three times three ring circus, with something doing all the time. From the military standpoint, it was a scientific, methodical maintenance of superiority above the battlefield.

And for the satisfaction of the tens of thousands of fighting men, scattered over those 150 square miles of conquered territory, who looked admiringly on while low flying planes skimmed a few hundred feet overhead and snooped through shrapnel puffs over the border of Hun-land; who saw groups, circling far above, disappear into the clear azure of the sky; who saw squads of them fighting, like hives of enraged hornets, and saw some fall, it may be stated that we had all the best of it.

Statistics Not Complete

The statistics are not yet complete. An aviator is not credited with a victory until it is confirmed from another source, and it is too early for all these verifications to come in, but, as an indication, it can be stated that one large unit of combat flyers, which does not, however, include other important formations, had, at the close of the fourth day after the opening of the battle, asked for confirmation on nearly 30 Boche planes believed destroyed.

The aviators' part in the battle began in reality the day before the Infantry went over the top. That day was cloudy and rainy, the sort of day on which usually, there would be little or no air activity. Nevertheless, the whole St. Mihiel salient was under constant surveillance by Yankee aviators, who, flying singly to avoid exciting suspicion, skimmed beneath the low clouds, oftimes in the rain, and noted the uneasiness of the enemy, the beginning of his effort to escape the impending storm.

The next day, the American advance was in full swing, the Boche was making desperate efforts to get out of the salient with as much material as possible, and the fact that he only partially got out and that the advancing Infantry took thousands of prisoners and millions of dollars worth of spoils can be attributed in good measure to the aviators.

An Arduous Way Out

The enemy's principal line of retreat, the only one after the first few hours of the battle not swept by constant artillery fire, was the road near the center of the base of the salient leading eastward from Vigneulles to St. Benoit. Over this six kilometer stretch of road passed practically all the men and all the guns which the Germans saved from the collapse of the salient, and this road, on the first day of the battle, was under

Continued on Page 2

PICK AND SHOVEL COME INTO OWN AS SALIENT GOES

Battle of Dreadful Roads Won by More Than Ammunition

EVERY ONE HELPS ON JOB

Doughboys, Prisoners, Even Master Engineers Make Highways Passable for Advance

Every battle has some mark which distinguishes it from all others, and the offensive which redeemed for France the long enslaved villages of the St. Mihiel salient will linger always in the memories of those who had a part in it as the Battle of Dreadful Roads.

Of course, they were dreadful. Traffic conditions were, as the doughboys say, "Fah Boun," through no mismanagement and to no one's surprise. If every M.P. had known every twist and turn of the countryside as well as he knew his own home town, if never a shell had searched and found a promising cross roads, it would still have been a staggering task to send the supply and ammunition trains, the side-cars and ambulances and ration carts, the kitchens and on-moving artillery over the roads that converged on the new and much shortened battleline.

Trap Doors in Country Lanes

For parts of those roads, never perfect in their prime, had not known the turn of a wheel in four long years. All through those years they had been scraped and torn and upheaved by exploding shells. From the early months of the war they had been broken and sliced by the network of French and German trenches.

Then, of late, the Germans, after trying to stave defeat out of countenance, had been laboriously mining them, leaving, where they could, what looked like an innocent bit of country lane but what was really a thinly roofed pit with tin or boards and sprinkled with dirt—a pit designed to land the doughboys, capsize the tanks and halt the traffic. A wary advance will discover such pitfalls and avoid them. But this means a detour. A detour means a halt. A halt means a block in the traffic.

Add to all this the fact for many days and nights these roads had been steadily pelted with summer rain.

The men assisting in the repair of the road were compelled to work all night. The work was under way at dawn on September 12. The first batches of prisoners that came trotting back that morning lent a hand to the task cheerfully enough. Engineers directed, and you might have seen master engineers swinging a pick that morning. Doughboys from the supporting outfits were detached as reinforcements to the road-menders. Much can be done with the shovel which every foxy doughboy carries concealed about his person these trying days.

Roads While You Sleep

As for material, what better could you ask than the crumbling stone of those poor ruined villages that marked what used to be the St. Mihiel battleline, villages whose tragic silhouettes against the sunset could be seen through Yankee field glasses all spring and summer, villages whose utter demolition makes such half destroyed places as Vaux and Senges and Sergy look like model towns by comparison?

With such tools and such stuff, the holes were filled, the detours were made.

Continued on Page 3

YANKEE SPURS, TOO, WHERE TANKS AND DOUGHBOYS SPEED

Cavalry Band Leads Way Ahead of Infantry Up Past St. Mihiel

SILENCES MACHINE GUNS

Running Fight With Boche Ammunition Train—Pushcart Has Trophies for All

A band of American Cavalry, riding as if to uphold the traditions of the service made when it used to number among its officers Captain John J. Pershing, had its share of honor in the redemption of the St. Mihiel salient.

There were many reports circulating about the exploits of the Cavalry after the fall of the salient. The most common was that "the Cavalry took 1,700 prisoners and lost one man." The total of prisoners may be correct, but it is not confirmed by the Cavalry. The horsemen didn't stop to compute their captures, but turned them over to the Infantry to be added to the general total of prisoners without distinction.

Machine Guns Met With Pistols

The principal resistance the Cavalrymen met was from isolated German machine gun nests. These were usually encircled and put out of commission with pistol fire. On one occasion Cavalrymen came upon two Germans holding forth in a shell hole with a machine gun. One was accounted for with a pistol bullet in the head. The second crouched out of sight in the hole. The Cavalrymen took shelter and waited to see whether he would show fight or surrender.

They waited five minutes and nothing happened. A lieutenant had just started to give orders for the encircling of the hole when Mr. Boche appeared. He appeared suddenly, coatless and in his stocking feet, and started to do a Marathon towards Berlin. He was overtaken before he had gone 50 yards.

He had decided to make a run for it and had taken off his boots and stripped to his shirtsleeves to make better time, he explained.

The horsemen, riding into one little town, found that a German general had departed an hour before. Also they found a mounted major departing in the wake of his chief. The major surrendered gracefully to an American captain, who overtook him going up the main street. He relinquished his horse, ornate saddle, padded stirrups and all, and went rearward afoot. The horse was kept with the troop. They call him "Kaiser Bill."

Souvenirs for Everyone

In another town the Cavalrymen overtook a squad of Germans with a whole pushcart full of German pistols. There was a souvenir revolver for every American present.

Probably the most exciting episode of the Cavalry's advance was a fight with a Boche ammunition and supply train. The Americans had brought with them, strapped to their saddles, several light machine guns, and these, when the train was encountered in a wood, were unslung and set up. The Germans replied with machine guns hastily mounted on their wagons.

For 20 minutes a running fight was waged until the Boche gained the security of a position defended by machine gun nests and the Americans were forced to pause. The wagon train got away, but only after its members had suffered casualties and it had abandoned a couple of wagons.

LIBERATED TOWNS WELCOME ADVANCE OF YANK VICTORS

Even Greater Ovation from Salient's Prisoners for First Poilu

THIAUCOURT AGAIN FRENCH

Population, Fed on Four Years' Lies, Finds Own Soldiers Do Not Wear Paper Suits

Thiaucourt is only one of the many French towns which were liberated by American troops in wiping out the St. Mihiel salient. And the incidents of the liberation of Thiaucourt are only parts in the story of countless other places.

For four years the French inhabitants of Thiaucourt lived under German rule. Men, women and children, old and young, they had all become accustomed to German newspapers, German money, German domination in full.

These French citizens had been led to believe for months that Germany had already won the war to all practical purposes; that America had sent over no troops; that the French Army was in rags and badly starved; that it was just a question of a few more weeks or months until the final triumph. They had given up all hope, in the main, of anything but a German victory.

News of American Successes

Then, streak by streak, the light began to dawn again. First, there was the Seicheprey affair last spring. The Germans brought their American prisoners through Thiaucourt, the first time the inhabitants had ever seen any American soldiers. They knew then that America was in the war.

No further light streaked through for some time. Then came the first whispers of the Franco-American success on the Marne, merely rumors at first and, finally, verified reports from the German troops, who were unable to conceal their dismay.

Just at this time the advance detachment of the Americans arrived. He was a member of a chasse squadron, brought down within German lines. His machine landed only a kilometer from the village where he was captured. When he was brought in three French girls made him an American flag which they presented one day when his guard was not guarding as well as he might.

These were all merely signs and tokens. There was still no definite proof that the Americans were really coming or that Germany was losing her four-year grip.

Then, just after midnight of September 11, the inhabitants of Thiaucourt and their German captors heard the first rumble of a mighty thunder. It was the preliminary American bombardment. They had heard three weeks before that the Americans were coming, but no one had believed they were coming so soon,

Continued on Page 3

ST. MIHIEL SALIENT FOUR YEARS OLD

Great Dent in Allied Line Made After Battle of Marne

The St. Mihiel salient, popularly and universally known to all France as "the hernia of St. Mihiel," has for almost exactly four years persisted as the most noticeable protuberance in the whole Allied line.

The salient was created September 23, 1914, by the armies of Gen. von Strantz, after the German forces, sent reeling back from the Marne, had reached the line of the Aisne.

Von Strantz's army was a new one. It had not been in action in any part of the Marne battle. Four South German corps, mostly Würtembergers, constituted the new army, which had several reserve divisions.

The French line from Verdun to below St. Mihiel, held by General Sarrail, the defender of Verdun in the battle of the Marne, was defended by three corps, increased before the St. Mihiel attack by the arrival of the larger part of another army corps from Toul.

Advance from Thiaucourt

Opposed to Sarrail's line were the commands of the German Crown Prince and of von Strantz—at least seven corps.

Von Strantz advanced September 20 from the region of Thiaucourt upon Troyon, one of the string of forts between Verdun and Toul, about eight miles north of St. Mihiel. The fort was virtually destroyed, but the French garrison held out and repulsed the strong effort to take it.

On September 23 came the main attack. It was directed straight at St. Mihiel. The Germans gained a footing at Hattonchatel, the spur of the plateau east of Troyon, brought up their heavy guns, silenced the fort of Paroches across the Meuse and, soon afterwards, the guns of the Camp des Romains, just south of St. Mihiel. These successes led to the capture of St. Mihiel itself and its bridgehead across the Marne.

French cavalry here spoiled von Strantz's ambitious plan, which aimed at pushing on straight west to Revigny, thus getting south of Sarrail's army and putting it between the forces of von Strantz and the Crown Prince.

Sarrail's hopelessly outnumbered force then withstood every effort at its destruction, and managed to contain the Germans in the St. Mihiel salient, a position which the enemy has since held, despite the poor quality of the communications, as a threat against the French defense system in the east. Immediately afterward both sides dug in virtually on the line that existed until a week ago Thursday. The trenches of the St. Mihiel salient, therefore, dated from the very beginning of the 1914-1918 style of trench warfare.

'BOYS HAVE DONE WHAT WE EXPECTED,' WIRES PRESIDENT

Leaders of Allied Armies Felicitate Americans on St. Mihiel Victory

AND SO DOES ELSIE JANIS

"We are With You to a Finish, to a Man," Bethlehem Shell Leaders Cable

From every corner of the Allied world messages are pouring in to General Pershing, to be transmitted by him to the men of the First American Army, congratulating them on their performance in the St. Mihiel sector last week.

The President of the United States, the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies, the chiefs of Britain's, France's, Italy's forces in the field, the generals commanding the several French Armies, he directors of and workers in important war industries at home, the President of Cuba, the editors of Cuba, women's clubs in America, Liberty Loan committees, organizations of all kinds in the United States, individuals living everywhere between the Atlantic and the Pacific have hastened to send greetings, full of praise for the First Army's performance.

Some of the messages follow:

From President Wilson: "Accept my warmest congratulations on the brilliant achievements of the Army under your command. The boys have done what we expected of them and have done it in the way we most admire. We are deeply proud of them and of their feat. Please convey to all concerned my grateful and affectionate thanks."

From the Allied Armies' Chief

From Marshal Foch: "My dear General: The First American Army under your command on this first day has won a magnificent victory, as skilfully prepared as it was valiantly executed. I extend to you as well as to the officers and troops under your command my warmest compliments."

From Marshal Joffre: "I send you with full heart the most cordial congratulations on your fine success, which confirms the hope which I have always based on the bravery of the American troops and the merits of their commander. I express to you with joy my best compliments and my confidences in new victories."

From King Albert of Belgium: "In my name and in the name of the Belgian Army, I express to you my warmest congratulations for the important victory won by your splendid troops."

From Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig: "All ranks of the British Armies in France welcome with profound admiration and pleasure the victory which has attended the military offensive of the great American Army under your personal command. I beg you to accept and convey to all ranks my best congratulations and those of all ranks of the British armies under my command."

From General Diaz: "I am glad to express my fervent and cordial congratulations for the great victory by the valorous troops under your command and to present to the young and glorious American Army the confident salute which the Italian Army sends with fraternal sentiments."

"Many Happy Returns"

From Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo: "Congratulations to you and your glorious Army. Wish you manw happy returns of your birthday and many recurrences of yesterday's victory."

From Commissioner André Tardieu: "I am wholeheartedly with you on the occasion of your splendid success."

From Count Zamoyski, Acting President, Polish National Committee: "The brilliant success which the valiant American troops have won under your command is only the continuation of the glorious exploits of the gallant troops of the great Republic in the gigantic struggle for the triumph of justice, right and liberty. We Poles look upon this struggle with the greatest emotion, for it will return to our country her long-sought-for liberty. Permit me, sir, in the name of the Polish National Committee, to express to you and the American Army the most ardent felicitations as well as the homage of our deepest admiration."

From the Jewish Welfare Board: "On the eve of the New Year, the Jewish Welfare Board, United States Army and Navy, representing three million citizens of Jewish faith, send greetings to you and your comrades in arms regardless of race or creed. You are fighting in a holy cause that justice may prevail and lasting peace come to the entire human family; therefore, through the righteousness of our country's aims and those of our Allies, you are granted the privilege of establishing a world of democracy which shall endure and become a blessing to all future generations. Our ardent prayer is that God may speed your victory and bless the work of your comrades, who are planting American ideals and traditions to preserve the noblest efforts of civilization."

She'll Join the Company

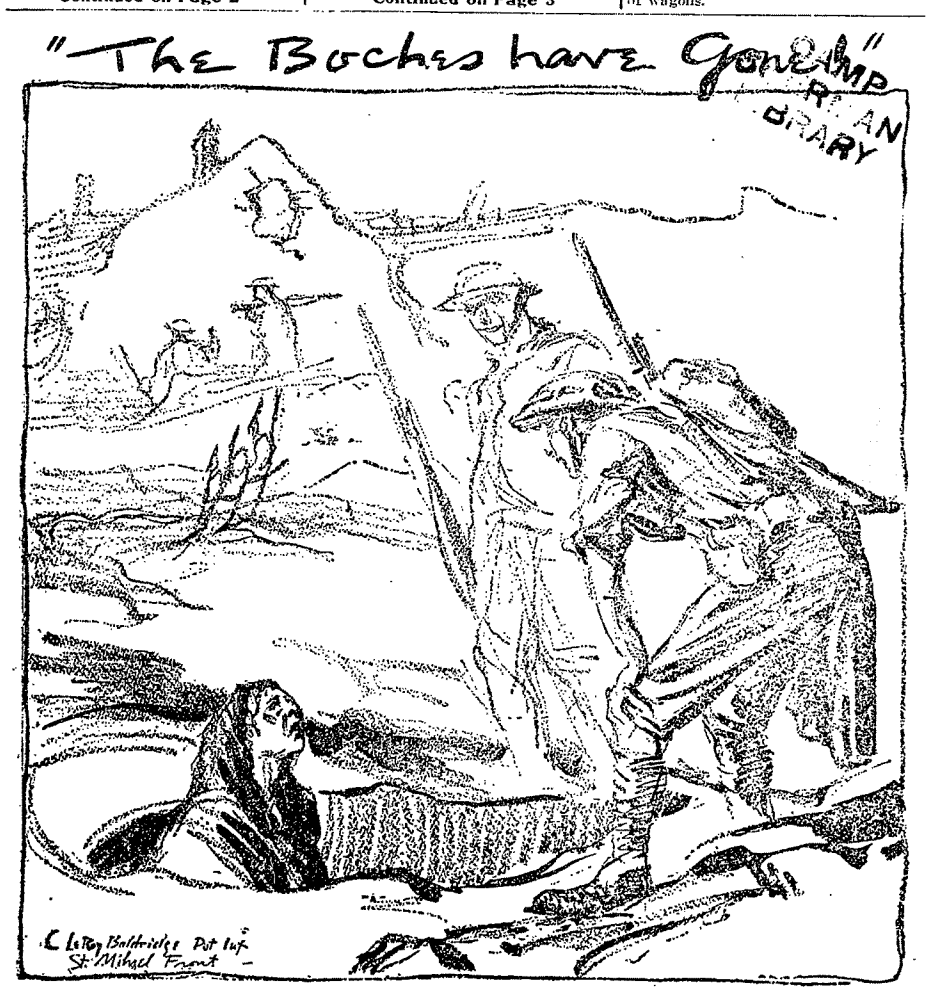
From Elsie Janis, London: "Congratulations on your big show. Sorry not to be in the cast. Hope to join the company in Berlin. Our regards."

From the Shell Loaders, Bethlehem Loading Co., May's Landing, N.J.: "Most honorable sir: Congratulations. We are with you to a finish, to a man."

SAVED FOR HOSPITALS

A dozen articles of subsistence that have previously been on sale in sales commissaries are now on sale there no more. They are required in the preparation of diets for the sick in hospitals, and the immediate supply is limited. "They will, therefore," says Bulletin 67, G.H.Q., "be sold only to hospitals."

The articles are: Canned apricots, canned cherries, plain chocolate, breakfast cocoa, soda crackers, graham crackers, gelatin, canned peaches, canned pears, canned pineapples, maple syrup, corn starch.



ALLIES ADVANCE NEAR ST. QUENTIN; MACEDONIA BLOW

Franco-Serbs Gain Almost Ten Miles in Two Days in 20-Mile Push

LINE NEARER MARCH FRONT

French Capture Heights Flanking Chemin des Dames—Total Prisoners Nearly 190,000

The week that ended Wednesday, September 18, saw, in adition to the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient by the First American Army, the opening of a new British offensive in conjunction with the French to the south. It saw, too, the auspicious opening of the Franco-Serb offensive against the Bulgarians on the long quiet Macedonian front.

The British, attacking Wednesday morning on a 16-mile front between St. Quentin and Cambria, had before night advanced three miles, taken 6,000 prisoners, and at many points reached the positions from which the Germans set out on March 21 to conquer the world.

The French, continuing the attack from the point where their line joins that of the British, advanced on a six and a quarter mile front, gaining much ground and making many hundreds of prisoners.

Chemin des Dames Enfiladed

Further south, the French have made dents in the corner of the line where it turns towards the east which, though they do not appear extensive on the map, are none the less of prime importance, involving as they do the capture of important heights along the Soissons-Laon road, taking the strong position of the Chemin des Dames in enfilade and, to a slight extent, in the rear.

The attack of the Bulgarian positions in Macedonia, while its full extent has not as yet been disclosed, is undoubtedly an operation of the first importance. It opened Sunday on a front of seven miles, French and Serbian troops participating, and by the next day, when Jugo-Slav troops also went into action, it had spread to 20 miles. By that time the advance had extended to a depth of not quite ten miles. The first two days' captures include 4,000 prisoners, 50 guns, machine guns and much other booty.

Including the prisoners made in the new Macedonian attack, the total of Allied captures in men since July 18 is now well up toward 190,000.

American, British and French detachments, operating on the Archangel front in northern Russia have come into contact with Bolshevik forces, according to a telegram received from Moscow by way of Berlin which means that it must be taken with a grain of salt and the Bolsheviks, the message states, have been compelled to retire.

BELGIAN WORKERS ESCAPE BONDAGE AS HUNS ENTER IT

Joan of the Fields Flees Across Lines and Brings Valuable News

Long convoys of men led back of our lines under guard the first few days of the American attack presented an amazing melange of soldiers and civilians of many nationalities. Young and old German soldiers jostled Austrian fighters and stray Slovak and Hungarian warriors. Italian soldiers who had been captured by the Austrians and put to work by the Germans trotted along a path crowded with jubilant French civilians escaped at last from bitter bondage.

The most interesting of all was a group of 30 Belgian civilians who had been obliged to toil for Germany just behind the lines. It was dawn, when this tired little Belgian colony reached a headquarters which offers the parting of the ways for all persons caught in the Yankee dragnet, where Alsatians and Germans take different routes and where stray civilians get passports to liberty.

The Belgians sat them down then and there to a breakfast that consisted not only of steaming coffee and meat, but of the first really white bread they had seen in many weary years. After breakfast they were placed in the care of a neighboring French mission.

A Modern Joan

One Yankee division in this sector is athrill over the serene heroism of a young Joan of the fields, a French girl of 19 or 20, who ever since war began had lived on her invaded farm near the waters of the Moselle, praying for the day when the invaders would be driven out. As the battle of the St. Mihiel salient broke in fury on the morning of the 12th and the Germans began their disorderly retreat across her acres, she believed the day of deliverance was approaching.

But the swaying battle line came to a halt at such a point as to leave her home still under the German yoke. So on Saturday night, though it meant slipping past watchful sentries, though it meant a journey over nearly four kilometers of treacherous country plowed by big shells and sprayed by machine guns, she set forth alone and on foot for the Yankee lines.

She not only reached those lines, but she had kept her bright eyes so wide and her mind so alert that she had much useful information to give the astonished troops.

CIGARETTES ARE HERE

At bases in France there are 200,000,000 cigarettes waiting for transportation to haul them to the front. The Army recently commandeered a large percentage of the Y.M.C.A.'s motor trucks.

Here are some things for the Army to be delivered to the Y.M.C.A. in France next month: 77 tons of chewing gum, 1,325 tons of flour and 2,850 pounds of sugar for cookie making, 167 tons of chocolate bars, 200 tons of jam, 94 tons of condensed milk, 31 tons of cough drops, 176 tons of chewing tobacco, 9 tons of plain soap, 17 tons of tooth paste, 6 tons of towels, 1½ tons of razor blades, and 7 tons of playing cards.

FIRST ARMY NIPS OFF SALIENT OF ST. MIHIEL

Continued from Page 1

pioneer Engineers, armed with wire-cutters and torpedoes, primed to go forward at the start to clear the paths and explode whatever of treacherous mines might lie in waiting. Behind on the roads, toiling silently forward, were the trucks of ammunition and the ration carts and kitchens, those faithful trains that work so doggedly in these great hours to the end that guns and doughboys shall be fed, come what may.

Behind, too, at many a headquarters switchboard, American telephone girls were working overtime and tickled to death at the chance. Then, somewhere—was it one kilometer, or 20 or 50?—somewhere in the mysterious, midnight darkness, was the Comander-in-Chief.

It was raining. It had been raining for several days, so that the ground was spongy underfoot, the carts were making headway with difficulty. But that same rain, with its black, laden clouds, had blindfolded the German watchers from the skies, and they knew less of what was astir than they might have known had the days been fair.

One Bundle of Confidence

And from one end of the line to the other there coursed a quickening current of confidence. The Army poised for its first blow, was just so many millions pounds of confidence. They were set for a task they thought might be easy, but which they were determined to fulfill no matter how hard it should prove.

Shortly after one o'clock Thursday morning, the artillery preparation began. Suddenly out of the darkness, guns innumerable spoke. Spoke? They roared. They sang. They cursed. They filled the air with such a deafening and discordant salvo as soldiers seldom have heard since the world began. It was the tremendous overture of the score.

So it went for hours. Then, just before five, came the drum-fire, the steady, synchronized, harmonized barrage, the multitude of cannon firing as if a single hand were in control.

At its first notes, the spasmodic signals from the German lines changed suddenly in hue and quantity. Instead of the occasional inquisitive flares came rockets and star-shells, the lights that call for information giving way to all the fireworks known to the German signal corps, the fireworks that light up the whole countryside and mean "For God's sake, give us everything you have." They are a cry in the night for help.

Dawn—and the Tanks

The rain had stopped and dawn was streaking the east. The tanks were under way. The aircraft hummed in the skies. It was such a concourse of airplanes as Orville and Wilbur Wright must have beheld in their first little credited visions—and perhaps not even they.

And these, all these multitudinous arms and aids, were working with but a single purpose, working in a single service, the service of the doughboy, working to bring him food and ammunition and information, working to clear his path and simplify his job. And now the doughboy, on the stroke of five, rose out of his hated, wafer-soaked trench and went roaring over the top.

The Infantry swept across No Man's Land, across the trenches the Boches had been widening and deepening for four years, past dugouts whose none too hopeful occupants were still in hiding as a result of the artillery preparation.

They were advancing over a battlefield which, with its easy vistas and its gentle undulations, seemed made for manœuvres. The well-posted observer could sweep its operations for miles around. A movie man would have died of joy at the opportunity.

In Unbroken Ranks

Indeed, it was a little like a movie war, that serene, unchecked advance, the Infantry waves mounting and disappearing over crest after crest, their ranks unbroken, their jaunty trot unslackened. Generals went by on white horses. Twenty minutes after five the first prisoners came trickling back. Had anyone seen it in the movies he would have choked with laughter at the ignorance of a director who thought a battle ever went as prettily as all that.

The ease of it, speed of it—those were the two topics of the day.

The speed! Within little more than 24 hours after the first Infantry charge, a division coming in from the west and a division coming in from the south met and clasped hands. The salient had been cut. That peninsula in the German war map had been inundated.

That was an electric hour at dawn last Friday morning when scouts from these divisions, groping their way into the town of Hattonville, each group from its separate side, came face to face in the streets and, each finding that the other was not Boche, whooped for joy and grasped each other's hands.

Why They Called It Speed

You may gauge that speed by a dozen facts. By the fact that a task which should, according to the most hopeful expectations, have taken two days, took only one. By the fact that before seven o'clock on the first morning, an entire company of German infantry was busy mending French roads for the passage of American trucks laden with American breakfasts. By the fact that at the same hour prisoners were being examined in pens as far back as corps headquarters. By the fact that one brigade pranced nine kilometers in five hours, the brigade P.C. moving breathlessly after, establishing itself in a ditch perhaps and yet suffered to stay there only long enough for the lieutenants attached to get the chocolate out of their musette bags and celebrate with about one bite each. By the fact that only cavalry and airplanes could keep up with the doughboys, who were scarcely bothering to send back their hundreds of Huns, but letting them drift back unguarded.

The master of one battle-scarred field kitchen who had sworn a mighty oath that he would keep the coffee going apace with his clamorous Infantry pals tried hard for a while and gave it up in despair.

"Those travelin' fools!" he said, and roared with proud laughter.

The prisoners came in in droves. It was no uncommon sight on that first day to see a thousand paddling back four abreast through the late summer rain—each and every one displaying an incorrigible cheerfulness that would have deeply grieved the firm of Ludendorff and Hindenburg.

Regimental commanders, majors, lieutenant colonels, a count or two and one bespectacled professor who had invented a poisonous gas and ought to have been ashamed of himself, were among the first day's bag.

They surrendered in groups large and small. They came not singly but by battalions—actually. Some were caught in their dugouts, from which they emerged trustfully as soon as the doughboys arrived. Some surrendered in batches to Cavalry. Some — notably the machine gunners—gave in only when they were quite surrounded and had done all the damage they could. Others yielded when Cavalry had rounded them up, and still others lost all their stomach for this war at the sight of the first tank.

It is enough to disconcert the stoutest heart to be crouching over a machine gun watching uneasily for some explanation of the noise in the woods just ahead, and then to see the fringing foliage of that woods part here and there with the emergence of a group of terrifying monsters that spit lead and are themselves indifferent to lead—wildly painted monsters whose coats are as many-colored as Joseph's and whose hides are so tough that compared with them, the rhinocerous seems a sensitive jelly-fish.

They tell of one impatient sergeant who climbed out of his triumphant tank and sat on its turret with his rifle while it rounded up a terrified group.

In the Nick of Time

Where *Germans were not caught*, it was obvious that they had escaped just in time. An American general taking over a dugout would find the still-burning cigar and the half quaffed liqueur of his predecessor waiting on the table. Or prisoners might be taken in batches not because they wanted to surrender, but because their flight was cut off just in time.

It was that way with the major commanding the 65th Landwehr Regiment. As the French Colonials came into St. Mihiel, he decided that the time had come for himself, his adjutant, his surgeon and his orderly to go away from there. They went, leaving the rest of the regiment to its fate. But on the way back through the corridor that led out of the salient, they walked straight into American troops. They were much pained to learn that the salient had been cut, a fact of which they might have been informed by their own chieftains had not the Allied guns played such havoc with the German communications.

Thus it befell that of this regiment, the first representative to reach the prisoners' pen was the commanding officer. By that time his orderly was not very respectful, and when his air of indifference, to his chief was made a subject of inquiry, he said with the first free speech he had ever known:

"To hell with officers!"

The Ruling Passion

Later 40 prisoners arrived from the same outfit. Did they know where their commanding officer was? Oh, safe in Germany by that time, they opined sourly. The examining officer jerked his finger toward the adjoining pen. They looked. Their eyes bulged. Then the whole 40 burst into prolonged and hearty laughter.

Indeed, laughter was the mood of the 15,000. Here and there an officer was sulky. One officer who had dressed up regardless and packed all his belongings in a neat kit ready to go to France was somewhat pained when he found that, for all his spotless white gloves, he would have to lend the hands within them to the portage of the nearest stretcher.

But for the most part the prisoners, after they found that they were not to be boiled in oil or scalped by the aboriginal Americans, were immensely jovial. You could see converging groups of them laughing and waving to each other. You could hear them telling how they had been studying the information as to Yankee rations that had been dropped over their lines, how they had compared the menus with their own dreary fare and how, in talking among themselves, they had confessed a secret determination to go over and get some of those rations at the first opportunity.

Beginning with the third day of the attack Saturday, the Infantry settled down to the task of adjusting their new positions and making them habitable. By Wednesday they were leaving more and more of the combat to the artillery. All day and all night the big guns pounded away. Three times the Germans counter-attacked, but these assaults were brief and local, rather less than half-hearted blows which got nowhere and of which the sole result was to leave more prisoners in our hands.

Just such an attack was made Monday night, and the task was entrusted to a husky Boche storm battalion, which had been instructing at a school for "non-coms" just across the frontier when trouble broke loose, and it was rushed forward to reinforce the line. It was this battalion which led the fierce assault on the newly arrived New England troops at Seicheprey late last winter.

AIRMEN IN FIGHT WHOLE DAY AHEAD, HARASS RETREAT

Continued from Page 1

almost continuous bombardment and machine gun fire from American airplanes.

Many times that day the retreating line of men and transport was thrown into confusion and the road choked after bombs had made disastrous, direct hits on convoys. Everything which passed eastward over that six kilometer stretch had to run this gauntlet of fire from the air.

The day following, after the Infantry had closed in on Vigneulles and the road to St. Benoit was within easy artillery range, the harrassing fire from the air was continued further eastward. In the meantime, bombing planes carried out raids far into the enemy's back areas, photographic and artillery directing planes buzzed constantly through the bursts of Hun shrapnel, and chasse planes, in addition to protecting the others, kept our side of the line as clear as possible of Boche planes and went over the line to dare the enemy to combat.

Four-fifths of the combats in the three days following the Infantry attack took place over the German lines, and, as far as knowing what was going on behind the American lines, the Germans were practically blind. A few reconnoitering planes got through our lines, but still fewer of them returned.

Lieut. Putnam's Death

It was in winning and maintaining this supremacy of the air that Lieut. David Putnam, leading American ace, went to his death.

He had been a member of a patrol of 12 planes which went up in the face of a rainstorm. The weather compelled the patrol to separate. It divided into three groups of four each. Lieut. Putnam taking command of one. Flying actually in a rain storm, the group was attacked by eight Germans. Two of them fastened themselves on to Lieut. Putnam's tail and shot him down. The skill in manœuver of the daring lieutenant, which had made him victor in several such combats, was useless on this occasion because of the weather.

It was in this same sort of fighting, too, that Lieut. Charles D'Olive performed the remarkable feature of accounting for three Boche planes in less than 10 minutes.

Lieut. D'Olive was a member of a patrol which came upon a group of five Fokkers. He dived at the first one, followed by Lieut. Furlow, his machine gun open. The Boche went down vertically. D'Olive circled, regained an altitude of 500 meters and attacked a second Fokker. It went into a fluttering spiral. Again he regained his altitude and opened fire on a third. It fell like the first. The day before Lieut. D'Olive had pursued a Fokker into a cloud and shot it down. His score was four in two days.

Right Among the Boches

The records of the air fighting beyond St. Mihiel contain many such exciting incidents.

Major Louis H. Brereton, in command of the observation planes in the fighting, decided to make a flight over the salient. He went in a biplane, accompanied by Capt. Vallois of the French army. At a height of 2,000 meters they were attacked by a Fokker, which landed a lucky shot in Major Brereton's engine. The American started a spiral to the ground. The Boche followed with his machine gun open. One bullet went through Capt. Vallois' cheek and another took off Major Brereton's cap.

The machine landed safely on a level patch between trenches and barbed wire entanglements. Boche soldiers were all around.

"Here's where we're taken prisoner," said Major Brereton.

He was immediately greeted by a cheer from two doughboys who had run to the scene. The Germans—there were 250 of them—were prisoners. The two doughboys were taking them to the rear.

Lieut. J. D. Estes was leading a patrol of five American planes which met an equal number of Fokkers. The Americans attacked and shot down two within five minutes.

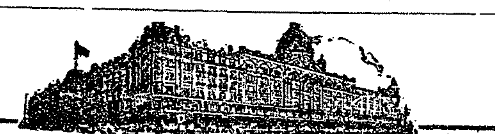
Lieuts. Brody, Guthrie, Stiles, Stivers and Biddle met a strong enemy combat group. The first three attacked one Boche machine. It dived vertically. Lieut. Stivers dived at a second and saw it fall. Lieut. Biddle tackled a third and it escaped. The enemy formation was broken up and it fled back to its own lines.

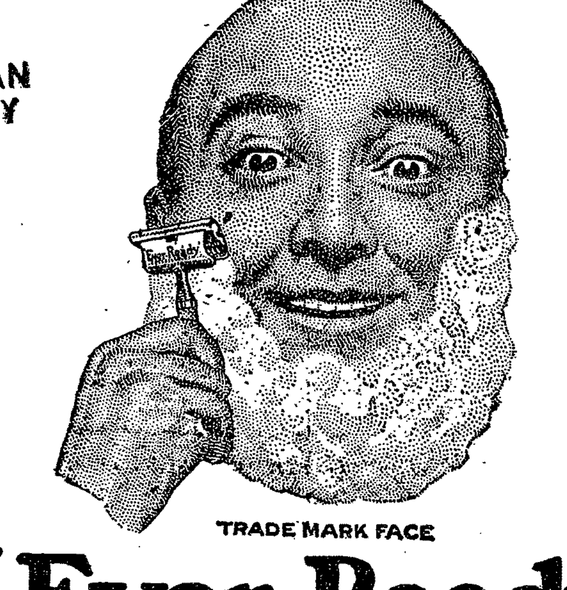
Lieut. Irving, his engine disabled, was forced to land in No Man's Land. He came down amid a hail of machine gun bullets from the Boche lines. Unharmed, he got back into the American positions.

A ST. MIHIEL PARTY

One Infantry company at the end of several hours' advance found that it had cut off several score Germans in a wood. The Germans didn't show any fight. Most of them didn't even exhibit enough nerve to come out and surrender. When it came time for the captain to make his periodical report to his battalion P.C., this sentence concluded the message he sent back:

"Have about a hundred friendly troops in woods on my right."





HALF A THOUSAND MASCOTS IN A.E.F., SIX MONTHS' WORK

Ten Adoptions Received During Week Bring Total Up to 506

THREE MORE TO INFANTRY

Engineers Take Couple, Postal Service Men Another, Captain and Lieutenant One Each

This week the adoption of French war orphans by soldiers of the A.E.F., under THE STARS AND STRIPES war orphan plan passes the 500 mark. This plan, which has brought so much happiness to little children in dire need whose fathers had given their all for France, was the idea of an American private—Harold W. Ross, Engrs. (Ry.), detailed to the editorial staff of the Army newspaper. It is under his direction that the plan has been so successfully worked out.—OFFICER IN CHARGE.

TAKEN THIS WEEK.

M.P.E.S., A.P.O. 702	1
Lt. E. R. Wiebersar	1
Co. E, — Engrs.	2
Co. C, — Inf.	1
Y.M.C.A. Secretaries, Base Section No. 1	1
Co. F, — Inf.	2
Capt. H. W. Banks	1
W. W. Comstock, American Red Cross	1
Previously adopted	496
Total	506

When the polls closed last week in the A.E.F. orphan vote, four more mascots were needed to bring the total up to the half thousand mark. Ten more came in during the week. The total therefore stands at 506. It represents the achievement of the American Army, its auxiliaries in France and its friends at home—but mostly of the American Army—in less than six months of THE STARS AND STRIPES campaign.

A company of Infantry and a company of Engineers each adopted two mascots this week, the former stating that "our preference is for a boy and a girl, but it does not make a great deal of difference," the latter requesting twins "if available." They probably won't be, as the plan of the campaign is to permit only one adoption in a family.

The officers and enlisted personnel in the Military Postal Express Service at A.P.O. 702 have bid for a girl about six years old, and announce that they "expect to adopt a boy next month."

"Whatever Is Best"

Company C. — Infantry, wants "a baby, girl preferred," but adds, "Give us whatever is best for THE STARS AND STRIPES to come across with."

The Y.M.C.A. secretaries in Base Section No. 1 have adopted their fourth mascot, requesting a girl.

Capt. H. W. Banks, — Corps Artillery Park, who doesn't specify any kind of mascot in particular (in fact he calls it plain "it," because he wants to know where it lives so he can write to it), is in some doubt as to where he stands.

"Your notice," he writes, "speaks of a 'company, detachment or group,' but I presume there is no objection to my having one for myself." Sir, the detail is correct.

Two other individual adoptions were made during the week, one by Lieut. E. R. Wiebersar, — Infantry, and the other by W. W. Comstock of the American Red Cross.

The Jewish soldiers at a big Air Service camp, in the first Jewish services ever held there, at the start of their recent holidays, took a collection and garnered 56.70 francs, which a sergeant present suggested be handed over to the miscellaneous fund of the orphan campaign. The money has accordingly been added to this fund. Ten more collections like that will adopt an orphan.

EMPLOYER, WORKER, GET EQUAL JUSTICE

Strikers at One Plant, Heads of Another, See the Light

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, Sept. 19.—The Bridgeport machinists and engineers who struck and refused to abide by the decision of the War Labor Board were notified by President Wilson that they must return to work and abide by the Board's decision or be barred for one year from all employment over which the Government exercises control and lose all claims for draft exemption on occupational grounds.

The effect was almost immediate, and the strike has collapsed.

At the same time the Government took over the works of the Smith and Wesson Company because the firm, as employers, had refused to abide by the decision of the War Labor Board. Thus, even-handed justice, chastising impartially, has eliminated class feeling and maintained Uncle Sam in peaceful control of the situation.

These two cases are the first important ones since the War Labor Board began its work, and it seems most fortunate for illustration of the Board's complete impartiality that it happened that these two rulings came at the same time, for it establishes that the War Labor Board is not an instrument to be distrusted by the workingmen and that the Board has power and uses it.

"Scraps of Paper"

The President's letter to the strikers contained these passages:

"Is such disregard of the solemn adjudication of the tribunal to which both sides submitted their claims be temporized with, agreements become mere scraps of paper. If errors creep into awards, the proper remedy is submission to the award, with an application to the tribunal for a rehearing. But to strike against the award is disloyalty and dishonor.

"Having exercised a drastic remedy with recalcitrant employers, it is my duty to use means equally well adapted to the end with lawless and faithless employes."

Ninety per cent of the Bridgeport workers had accepted the award. Only ten per cent were concerned in the strike against it.

"Hasn't been in France long, has he?"
"Long? Why, he still thinks 'Sortie' is the name of a station."

TO QUIT WHEN WE DO

CABLEGRAM
Bloomfield, N.J., Sept. 9, 1918.
General Pershing, Amex Force:

We will not quit working on munitions here in America until our boys quit fighting in France. Count on every one of six thousand five hundred women munition workers in this plant to back you. Please publish this in THE STARS AND STRIPES so that every American will get our message.

WOMEN WORKERS, INTERNATIONAL ARMS AND FUZE CO., INC.

CABLEGRAM
France, September 11, 1918.
Women Workers, International Arms and Fuze Co., Inc.,
Bloomfield, N.J.:

Your stirring cablegram has been received and will be published in THE STARS AND STRIPES, where it will reach and give courage to the men of the American Expeditionary Forces. Many thanks.

PERSHING.

PICK AND SHOVEL COME INTO OWN AS SALIENT GOES

Continued from Page 1

the laboriously prepared pits nullified. Then, in a twinkling, new roads, wonderful roads, came into being. Caught in a traffic jam and looking wistfully over the rolling countryside, you might say to yourself, "If only there were a short cut cross country through all that wire and trench tangle," and jogging that way again next morning, you would find a road cut through, a well-trod road already black with patient, slow-moving traffic.

There was more than one prolonged jam that first day, more than one trying tie-up of precious trains, but utterly and strikingly absent was the note of anxious impatience, the nightmare note of frayed nerves and exhaustion which marked the historic traffic confusion that those endured who moved or tried to move on the roads below Soissons on the night of July 17.

It was all the difference between confidence and wild hope, between perfected plans and impromptu action. Here was none of the fearful strain and tension which marked those critical July hours, hours memorable for all time, when Marshal Foch was reaching out to seize the initiative in the midst of the greatest of all German offensives.

Tie-ups, But No Tears

Here, instead was an enormous good humor, and it was worth getting tied up for a few hours just for the overwhelming evidence that the Yankee is that most terrible offensive weapon, the soldier who fights with a grin.

Take a tie-up which, during the first day, stopped every wheel on one wretched road for more than three hours. Exasperated majors would climb on to the seats of their cars and sweep the landscape with their field glasses. Trucks, trucks, trucks as far ahead and as far behind as he could see.

The rain was beginning again. Up went the side curtains, out came the tarpaulins, on went the chains. Trucks, trucks, trucks and not a wheel turning.

An ambulance bringing wounded from the front would try to make a break for it across the field and would get stuck in the mud.

"All right in there?"

"Hell, yes."

This, in spite of all the jolting, from the wounded quartet within.

A truck driver would forsake his seat and flounder through the mud to the ambulance side. A search in his pockets would unearth at last a forlorn package of Camels. "Here you are, soldier. Guess I'd better light it for you." And once again the brotherhood of the front had been attested.

One Way to Get There

Some litter bearers, in ambulances bound for the front, decided it might be too long a wait, and, shouldering their stretchers, started out on foot.

Under the tarpaulins, under the seat *hoods, could be heard the gentle music* of the dice.

"Oh, you Big Dick! Can't nine with a one showin'. Buddy!—What's 'at? What's 'at? Ah, there, seven! Ah, there"—

The night before, one stalled supply train had kept the dice going all night on the ground alongside, despite the pandemonium of the guns and despite the inky blackness. You don't need light. One flare of a match will show whether it's crap or Phoebe. A lean cook confided to all within a mile that he had lost 400 francs in one kilometer.

But even the dice pall when there's a chance to watch an air fight. The most numerous casualties of the St. Mihiel solient were probably from crick in the neck, caused by the continuous and delighted survey of the heavens where all day long the Allied planes showed which side was the stronger.

The end of this particular tie-up was enlivened by one of the most spectacular air battles imaginable, a wary fight which came to a close when the defeated Boche went crashing to earth. The congratulatory cheer went up from a mile of stalled trucks, and drivers who had been seizing the occasion to have a bit of dinner by the roadside, beat on their mess tins with their forks and swore those dizzy aviators could bunk in their trucks any time they wanted to.

The Convoy Sings

But it was getting dark, and the runners toiling rearwards brought the news that the shells which had been visibly exploding just over the next crest had been reaching the road and finding victims there. Two more Boche planes were in sight and headed their way. And the only effect of these depressing factors was to stimulate the excitement and move the whole winding convoy to song.

They didn't sing for bravado, they didn't sing to keep up their courage. They didn't sing in the spirit of those who lift up the National Anthem as a ship goes down. They just sang because they were having a darned good time. They sang because they felt that way.

"I wanta go back,
I wanta go back."

The song was caught up from truck to truck till the whole train was shouting, amid gusts of laughter, when it came to the refrain:

"I wanta go back to the farm.
FAR AWAY FROM HARM!"

And so it went till the blockade lifted and the trucks crept forward into the gathering darkness.

MARK TWAIN'S HOME OFFERED

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, Sept. 19.—Mark Twain's famous home at Redding, Conn., has been offered by his daughter, Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitch, as a convalescent home for wounded artist soldiers.

LIBERATED TOWNS WELCOME ADVANCE OF YANK VICTORS

Continued from Page 1

so, even when the bombardment started, they were very few in Thiaucourt who knew just what it all meant.

As the barrage was extended beyond the advancing Yankee Infantry, its first wave reached the village. It is hard to say which were surprised the most, the Germans or the inhabitants. The former immediately began to leave in a rush. German officers left their side arms and field glasses; they left German gin, wines, cigars and money. One officer left a new, almost unworn overcoat upon which an iron cross was pinned.

The approaching barrage brought rout to the German troops, but untold joy to the civilians. When it had first arrived the civilians sought their cellars for protection from the series of thunderbolts that were exploding up and down the streets. When it had passed on and they emerged they heard the steady tramp of many men, and peering out of windows and doors, they saw a column of American Infantry marching among them.

It was then that these American troops realized in full what they had done. For old and young, women and men, the released civilians rushed from their homes to bestow one of the greatest welcomes ever known to soldier liberators.

Many of them, weeping with joy, bestowed kisses and hand shakes, flowers and flags, until the bewildered Yanks were overwhelmed. They had never known a reception like this. The town was theirs, and the hearts of the natives went with the town. America had come to them—had come just back of a mighty barrage—had come with liberating bayonets to set them free from their four year term of captivity. And their captors were dead in the street, seized as prisoners or in wild flight over the hills beyond.

Enter the Poilu

As the first long line of Americans passed and the happy welcome grew, some one in the crowd that lined the way caught sight of the first French soldier swinging around a distant corner. It was the climax.

The welcome this first poilu received even surpassed the warmth of the reception given the Yanks. Here was one of their own people—and now at last they knew that France also had come to their aid.

They were surprised, too, to see that this Frenchman and the others that followed were all wearing good uniforms and were apparently well fed. They had been told by the Germans that the French army was in rags, wearing paper suits, and starving.

The story of Thiaucourt is merely the story of dozens of other villages and towns in the old St. Mihiel salient. Yanks were soon busy everywhere, helping the old and young, bringing back refugees by scores and hundreds in trucks and wagons. And when the Boche, holding on for just a breathing spell, began to shell these towns, neither Yank nor native seemed to bother in the slightest. They both knew that the Hun's reign as captor was over.

SEVEN BILLIONS ARMY ESTIMATES

Revenue Bill Speeded Up, Fourth Liberty Loan Drive Is On

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, Sept. 19.—Announcement is made that the next Army estimates will ask Congress for $7,000,000,000.

Without a dissenting vote the House has passed a law to help the Fourth Liberty Loan by exempting from additional income taxes, excess profits and war profits taxes the interest on Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds up to $30,000 by any one holder and the interest on First, Second and Third Loan Liberty Bonds up to $45,000 worth. The law will also permit one person to buy more than $1,000 worth of War Savings Stamps.

The New York City police swear they will raise $50,000,000 in the present Liberty Loan drive. They raised $30,000,000 during the last drive and didn't have to club any citizens to do it.

MILLIONS OF ACRES WAIT FOR SOLDIERS BACK FROM FRANCE

Secretary Lane Asks Survey of Three Classes of Unused Land

FORTY YEAR PAYMENT PLAN

Settlement Would Speed Up Payment of Huge Debt—Lesson of Civil War Cited

BY J. W. MULLER
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, Sept. 19.—Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, is working away like a good one at plans for obtaining land for returned soldiers, and now that we see this war is getting quite a move on towards Wilhelmsland, there is readiness to concentrate on the subject of what to do for our khaki foreign representatives when their explosive diplomacy has panned Pan-Germanism.

Mr. Lane says, in refined language, that we must not welcome you with grubby hands to inhospitable jobs, but must be ready to offer things worth while, with a good outlook for a prosperous future. He has asked Congress for $1,000,000 to survey three classe of unused lands, arid lands, cutover lands and swamp lands.

Fifteen million acres of irrigable lands are now in the Government's possession according to an official estimate. One hundred and fifty million acres of cutover lands are practically all in private hands, which demands that a policy of development be worked out between the owners, the States and the Federal Government. There are 50,000,000 acres of swamp lands, much of which promises excellent results if reclaimed. Fifteen million acres of it is already reclaimed, and now furnishes profitable farming, mostly in the Mississippi River valley.

Business, Not Charity

Secretary Lane hopes, after a survey, to induce Congress to take up the program of this land development, not all at once but as rapidly as possible. His program is that men should reclaim their own land and build their own homes, not as charity or bounty, but as a business proposition. The soldier is not to be turned loose on waste land to get along as best he can, but to get such assistance that he can pay back the advances to him in installments.

The Lane idea is that the returning soldier should have 40 years in which to pay back his debt with interest and thus earn and possess his own place for himself and his children.

To those old enough to remember what the opening of the great West meant to the armies returning from the Civil War, this plan is not only singularly inspiring, but present vast practical possibilities. It was the opening of the Great West that enabled us to pay our Civil War debt with ease, though its size at that time appalled the world.

There still remains a mighty domain of scattered, unused lands. The Department of Agriculture calculates that one half of the tillable land east of the Missouri river is out of use.

4,000 MILE WIRELESS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, Sept. 19.—The new naval radio studio at Annapolis, the most powerful in the world, has begun operation. It was completed in four months, the cost was $1,500,000, and it can send messages for 4,000 miles.

The Chicago-New York air mail service has begun.

VIRGINIA

Alumni of the University of Virginia will hold a dinner in Paris on the night of Saturday, October 5. All Virginia men who expect to be in Paris on that date are requested to communicate with Lewis D. Crenshaw, Director of the Virginia Bureau, 8 Rue Richelieu, Paris. Details will be announced later.

YANKS WITH R.A.F.

Recent figures on the work of American airmen with the Royal Air Force show that between April 1 and August 25, Yankee flyers with the British brought down 65 enemy planes and 11 balloons. The ace of the list has eight planes and one balloon to his credit. Another flyer has five planes, another three planes and two balloons, and four have four planes each.

AT A BASE PORT

"Who's that nervous man with the European war ribbon who hangs around the docks all day long?"

"He spent two years in the S.O.S. watching French fishermen, and one day he saw one catch a fish. The doctors say he'll be all right after a long rest."

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

Entered as second class matter at United States Army Post Office, Paris, France.

Guy T. Viskniskki, Capt., Inf., Officer in Charge.

Advertising Director for the United States and Canada: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

General Advertising Agents for Great Britain: The Dorland Agency Ltd., 16 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 8 francs for six months; to civilians, 10 francs for six months. Local French paper money not accepted in payment. In England, to soldiers, 6s. 6d. for six months; to civilians, 8s. Civilian subscriptions from the United States $2 for six months. Advertising rates on application.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2,A.E.F.,1Rue des Italiens, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg 12.95. London Office, Goring Hotel, London, S.W.1.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1918.

PEACE BY THE SWORD, NOT BY TALK

Austria, tool of Germany, on Saturday addressed a note to the Allied Governments proposing "a meeting of delegates in a neutral country in order to begin confidential and unobligatory conversations on the fundamental principles of the conclusion of peace."

"The fundamental principles!" There are no "fundamental principles." There is just one fundamental principle of the conclusion of peace, and it was never more clearly stated than when President Wilson, on signing the new man power bill, said:

"We solemnly purpose a decisive victory of arms."

Until that victory comes—until Germany and her chief partner in crime meet their Waterloo, their Appomattox, the Yorktown—their must be no peace, nor talk of peace. And the peace that then will come will not be a talked out peace with the criminal nations, but a peace of justice given them by the sword.

It is only by beating the bullying Teuton to his knees and making him impotent to repeat his rape of law and right that peace can come to the world.

Onward, then, to that decisive victory we solemnly purpose, be it a matter of months or years away. And he who talks or whispers, thinks or dreams peace meantime is a Benedict Arnold both to that great host which has died to keep men free, and to that other great host which today as freely offers its life to the same glorious cause, on the battlefields of France.

ST. MIHIEL

The reduction of the St. Mihiel salient is a great feat of American arms. We can frankly say so because our Allies have frankly said so before us.

But, more than that, it is significant because it is the answer to wearying months of preparation, of training, of endless toiling in base ports and throughout the reaches of the S.O.S., of interminable weeks in quiet sectors, of sharp clashes with a foe swollen with success, not willing to be checked, but checked just the same—of all that goes to make a great army ready for the greatest job its country has ever undertaken.

It is not a case of "all over but the shouting." There will be bitter days before the time for shouting comes. But St. Mihiel is a flying start. It is proof that America is in the war, heart and soul—and muscle. It is America's finest answer—ahead of time—to Austria's German inspired bid for peace.

NAPOLEON WAS RIGHT

Of Sergeant Gerald P. Landry, D.S.C., of the -- Machine Gun Battalion, it is written:

When his platoon commander was incapacitated by wounds near Soissons he displayed instant initiative, effectively took command of his platoon and directed its movements with marked ability and courage during the remainder of the advance.

Of Sergeant James Levas, D.S.C., of the --Machine Gun Battalion, it is written:—

Between Berzy-le-Sec and Soissons he took charge of his platoon after his commander was killed. Soon afterward he himself was wounded, but he dressed his own wound and continued forward. In a later advance directed by him, he was severely wounded, but placed his gun in position, looked after the security of his men and reported those facts to his commanding officer before permitting himself to be taken to a dressing station.

"Instant initiative" - - "effectively took command"—"looked after the security of his men." Napoleon was right when he made his remark about the baton of leadership in every soldier's knapsack.

WHEN THE OLD MAN SIGNS UP

They're taking them up to 45 now. Let's see, the old man was only 44 his last birthday—say, wouldn't it be a joke if they got him over here, too?

There wasn't a prouder person in the whole U.S.A. when Victor Melchizadek, Jr., got his commission something over a year ago. But what will Victor Melchizadek, Jr., think about it when, looking over the latest bunch of replacements, and wondering what in hell they've sent him now to make soldiers out of, he sees the old man there, trying to look the part of the middle-aged Napoleon he isn't?

They're taking them up to 45 now. Let's see, was the old man only 44 on his last birthday—or was it 45?

You try to remember whether he was born in '73 or '74. And one minute you're rather wishing it was '74, and the next you hope it was, after all, '73.

Still, even if he's three times as old as Methusaleh, he hasn't seen such a show as this in all his 2,907 years of existence. Why not let him in on it?

THE WAR IN NEW JERSEY

Railways running along or within a few miles of the Atlantic coast will be utilized to carry anti-aircraft guns in the event of a German airplane raid. This plan of protecting even the small hamlets that dot the long reaches of the coast has been discussed by New York and Federal officials. One of the former said:

"The proposed new balloon and seaplane stations to guard against submarine and air attack can be utilized nicely as storage points for mobile anti-aircraft guns which are intended to be transferred quickly from one point to another to meet threatened attack.

"For the sake of illustration, say there is created one zone from New York to the Jersey Highlands. Word comes of a possible attack on Asbury Park, say. Within a few seconds the railway cars containing the anti-aircraft guns would be on their way and the German aeros would meet with the surprise of their lives with guns belching at them from unexpected points."

The quotation is from *Aerial Age*, normally rational. It adds that the cars could be "thoroughly protected and camouflaged, also."

Sunday supplement editors have been having quite a time lately about possible air raids on New York. The subject has given the imaginative space writers and illustrators a big opportunity—at five dollars a column. Let them keep it up. A darkened New York saves fuel, which is precious, and it won't do any damage to let the people back home suffer a little distant apprehension. It might be good thing, for example, for every city in the United States to observe a "war night." They could shut off all the lights, send the fire department through the streets sounding a siren, shoot off some firecrackers for a barrage, duck into the cellars, and come up after a couple of hours and sigh, "Well, now we know what London and Paris go through."

The air scare, if it has any effect at all, will do more good than harm. But they can't blame us for smiling when they talk about dashing up the Atlantic coast with a 40-mile-an-hour camouflaged freight train to give a 120-mile-an-hour airplane "the surprise of its life."

"FOR THE GOOD OF BASEBALL"

It is hoped that the 30-odd trim, athletic young gentlemen who played or warmed a bench through the 1918 world's baseball championship will, by the time this appears in print, have salted their season's profits, and have joined the Army or, at least, have gone to work—not ball playing—in a shell factory or a shipyard.

"For the good of baseball, we will play," said these 30-odd young gentlemen the other day after they had held a crowd of 25,000 waiting in the bleachers for an hour while they and their owners wrangled over the division of the proceeds—after they had wasted 25,000 man hours, made trebly precious by war needs, not counting their own.

Before the 1918 world's baseball series was finished another world's series started up on the Lorraine frontier—a world's series where there weren't any 25,000 people sitting in the grandstand to cheer the players on, a world's series where the split-up was considerably under $800 per man, a world's series where the stake was human life and the reward the knowledge of an American's duty done. In this second world's series were some of the baseball players who didn't wait around to share in the money and the glory of the first.

Might we suggest that, when this old world is running again on an even keel—when the clerks have gone back to clerking and the brokers back to brokering and the baseball players back to baseball—*these men* who today are throwing grenades instead of baseballs, who are wielding bayonets instead of bats, will be adjudged the men who played the game "for the good of baseball"?

TWO CANTEENS

In a certain railroad junction town in the S.O.S. there is a canteen, run by Americans for American soldiers of all grades, trades and conditions. Every man who comes in there is treated as one of the family, whether he be belted or unbelted, white or black, grammatical or ungrammatical.

This canteen is always crowded, and its praises are sung by appreciative Yanks up and down many a weary mile of S.O.S. trackage.

In another junction town of the S.O.S. not many miles away there is another canteen, run by the same general organization. It sells a greater variety of articles than the other, and has more room and a larger personnel. But the average buck private, returning from his trip to the counter, has much the same feeling of utter smallness that he used to have when he came out of the principal's office in school back home.

This canteen is never crowded, and you never hear it spoken of up and down the line.

THE RAINBOW

It is a good thing that there is no difference between salutes. If there were—if a General Staff officer were entitled to one kind and an Artillery officer to another—we should be due for a long course of study in the new overseas cap piping system.

As it is, all we have got to do is to remember that if the piping is dark blue, gray, yellow with scarlet threads, anything like that, the wearer is entitled to a salute.

Incidentally, in all this new color scheme, we mourn the absence of that staunch old American favorite—silver threads among the gold.

HERE AND THERE

It almost always surprises our French friends to learn that New Mexico and New Jersey are about as far apart as Carrie Nation and the Model License League. Some of them, educated by the movies, imagine that cowboys roam through the canyons adjacent to Wall Street, New York, and that buffaloes woof and snort and paw the earth on Boston common.

For our own part, most of us are in turn hazy as to the location of French places. It comes as a sort of shock to learn that Nice is not on the Atlantic coast, or that Lyon is not one of the base ports the names of which we can't use in our letters. And it is little short of shattering when the truth finally comes home to us that the province of Maine, France, is as inland as Iowa.

Something tells us that, as a result of our sojourn here, the little Willies of the future will pay even more attention to the contents of their jogerfries than the little Willies of the past paid to the copies of Diamond Dick and Frank Merriwell that they used to smuggle behind those bulky books. Something tells us, too, that the little Pierres of the future will be able to bound Oklahoma and define Kansas with the best of us.

THE ARMY'S POETS

JACKIE'S BIT

It's black as the gates of sheol, there's never a glint o' light,
And the crow's nest sways and the wind's in the stays as we buck through a dirty night;
The deck is a pitching platform, the hold is a heaving sink,
While the phosphor sparks wash by in the dark like a necklace, link on link.
It's a rotten time for a murder by a Hun and a U-boat crew,
But never you fret that you'll wake up wet, for the Navy'll see you through.

With two keen, clean guns to starboard and a fancy pair to port,
And a five to stern and good ammo to burn, we are primed for a bit of sport.
There's a wind browned gun crew Jackie to left and right at each bore,
Who will nudge the shield of a piece full heeled till we raise the coast we're for.
Not a deck but is cleared for action, not a post but a lookout's there,
So if Fritz should lurk for his blackguard work, he'd a damsight well take care.

When the hold is tiered with khaki, by raider and storm and mine,
It's the sailors' show, up aloft and below, to ferry us over the brine.
No trace of a full or flurry, they handle the whole parade,
And steer the jaunt past the subbies' haunt, still beating the old blockade.
All the run of the foam-fringed sea trail as the troopship toys with fate,
Let the soldier sleep on the snare-set deep while the Jackie guards his mate.

At Sea. Steuart M. Emery, A.E.F.

ON LEARNING FRENCH

Like silver bells heard in a mist,
Or moonstone echoes from some brook
Where silver birches wall a nook,
Or like sea ripples moon-lit kissed.

Or, like a lake of silver ledges
Where iris water-lilies lave,
Or like some lark's translucent wave
Of song above white hawthorn hedges.

The maiden ripples French to me;
But I am like some argonaut
In some mute agony of thought,
Lost in sound's sweet tranquillity.

Alfred J. Fritchey, Camp Hosp., 30.

THE LITTLE DREAMS

Now, France is a pleasant land to know
If you're back in a billet town,
And a hell of a hole for the human mole
Where the trenches burrow down;
But where doughboys be in their worn O.D.,
Whatever their daily grinds,
There's a little dream on this sort of theme
In the background of their minds:

"Oh, gee whiz, I'd give my mess kit
And the barrel off my gat
Just to take a stroll up Main Street
In a new Fedora hat;
Just to hit the Rexall Drug Store
For an ice-cream soda stew,
And not a doggoned officer
To tell me what to do."

Here's a youngster sprawled in an old shell hole
With a Chauchat at his eye;
There's some wide H.E. on the next O.P.
And a Fokker in the sky.
It's a hundred yards to his jump-off trench
And ten to the German wire,
But what does he hear, more loud and clear
Than the crack of harassing fire?

Echoed footsteps on the marble;
Throbs of a revolving door.
And the starter's ticking signal—
"Up! Express here—fourteenth floor!"
Click of coins on the cigar stand;
Two stout parties passing by—
"I sold short and took no chances;
Lackawanna's too damned high."

Here's a C.O. down in his dugout deep
Who once was a poor N.G.
The field-phone rings and someone sings
"Red Gulch, sir. 12—9—3
Is spilling lush on Mary Black;
Have Jane retaliate."
Two minutes more and he hears Jane roar,
While he thinks this hymn of hate:

"That north forty must look pretty,
Head-high, now, and ears all set;
And the haystacks in the meadow—
Wonder if they've mowed it yet?
Crickets clicking in the stubble;
Apples reddening on the trees—
Oh, good Lord, I'm seeing double;
That's not gas that made me sneeze!"

Here's a Q.M. warehouse, locked and still,
At the end of a village street;
The sunset red on the woods ahead
And a sentry on his beat.
The hour chimes from the ancient spire,
A child laughs out below,
And the sentry's eyes, on the western skies,
Behold, in the afterglow.

Row on row of smoking chimneys,
Long steel roofs and swinging cranes.
Maze of tracks and puffing engines.
Creeping strings of shunted trains,
Asphalt streets and stuccoed houses.
Lots, with brick and lath piled high;
Whips of shade threes by the curbings,
Yellow trolleys clanging by.

These are tawdry thoughts in an epic time
For martial souls to own?
They are thoughts, my friend, that we would not mend;
That are bred of our blood and bone.
A mustard shell, it is very well,
And an egg grenade's O.K.,
But we get our steam from our little dream
Of the good old U.S.A.

Cotton fields along the river,
Night lights streaming from a mill;
Corn, with curling leaves a-quiver,
Dump-cars, lining out a fill;
Presses roaring in a basement,
Woods, with waters gleaming through—
Kaiser Bill, we'll up and go there
When we've rid the world of you!

Joseph Mills Hanson, Capt., F.A.

FAITH

I have no faith of howling winds,
Nor of the surging, billowy sea;
My love, I know, will vigils keep
O'er stormy paths that wait for me.

And so with song I greet the dawn,
With hope I meet life's heavy hours,
For the stormy paths that wait for me
My love will change to rose-strewn bowers.

Fra Guido, — F.A.

THE R.T.O.

O hear the song of the R.T.O.
With his "40 Hommes or 8 Chevaux."
He works in the day and he works at night.
For the men must go or the men can't fight.
They call him here and they call him there,
They ask him Why and they ask him Where.
O his cars don't come, but his cars must go.
Be it wet or dry or rain or snow,
If they call for Hommes or they want Chevaux.
Thus goes the song of the R.T.O.

O it's "How we love you, R.T.O.,
With your '40 Hommes or 8 Chevaux!'
Say, whadja do before the war—
Work in a packin' house? O Lor'!
We got an army in here now,
And we ain't got room for our packs and chow.
They's 40 Hommes aboard, you KNOW.
So come ahead with your 8 Chevaux,
And shout Allez and away we'll go.
O how we LOVE you, R.T.O.!"

Heaven help the R.T.O.
With his "40 Hommes or 8 Chevaux!"
He's got five hundred men to load
On a few small cars and a busy road.
O the war won't end if he don't make good,
'Cause he's got to send 'em the men and food,
Be it wet or dry or rain or snow,
And they call for Hommes or they want Chevaux—
There's hell to pay if the stuff don't go,
So Heaven help the R.T.O.

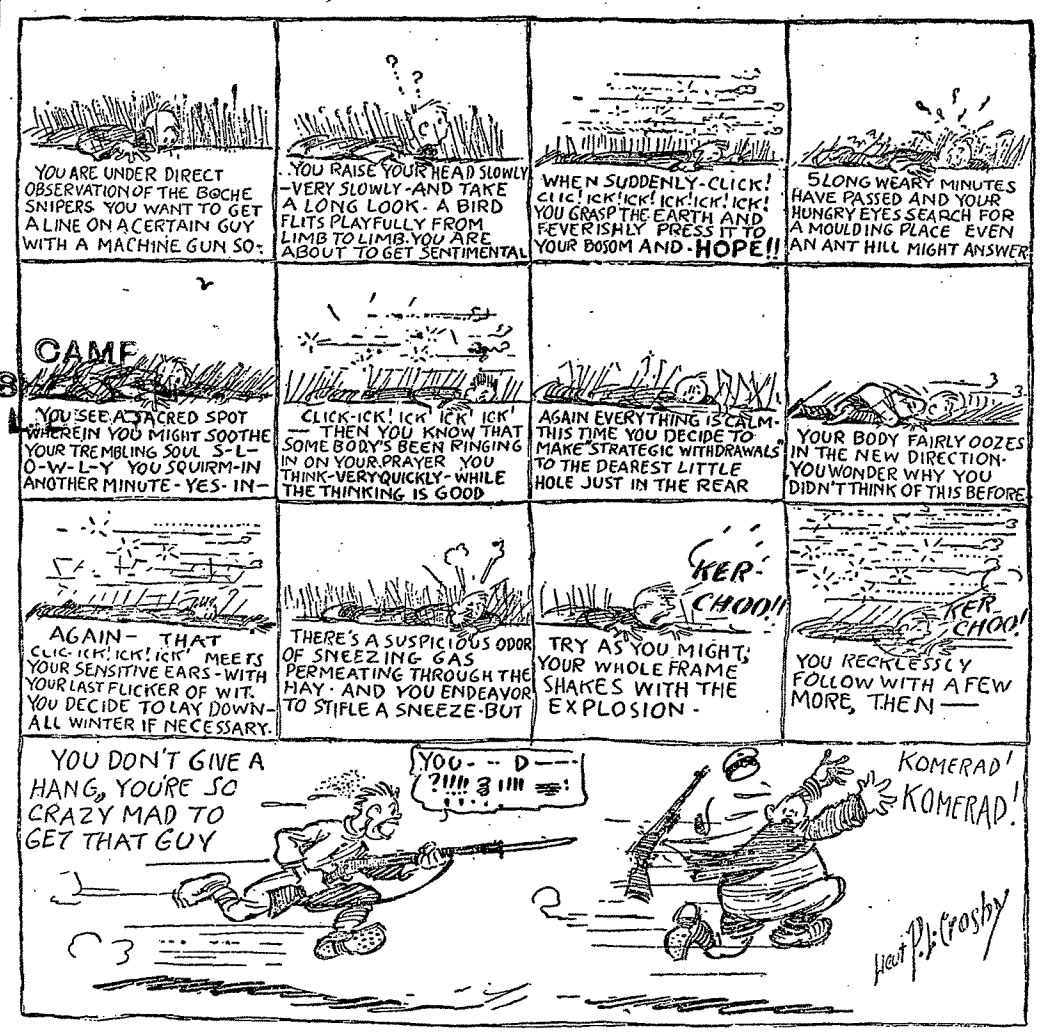
Sgt. A. P. Bowen, R.T.O.

THEN WE'LL COME BACK TO YOU

Some day, when screaming shells are but a dream
That vanished with the dawn of better days,
When Love and Faith are really what they seem,
And Treachery is lost in fleeting haze;
When each sweet day recalls a noble deed,
Wherein a blinding flash plays not a part,
And Truth at last has sown the godly seed
That springs to Trust and Joy in every heart;
Some day, though it be farther down the years
Than ever mortal gazed or planned ahead,
When we have made them pay for all your tears,
And squared accounts for comrades who have bled;
When we can feel that storms of Greed and Lust
Will nevermore engulf our skies of blue;
When you can live and know each sacred trust—
And not till then—will we come back to you.

Corp. Howard H. Herty, 1st Army, Hq. Reg.

IT'S EASY IF YOU GET SORE



A REDHEAD

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Are you really in earnest in your search for a red-headed, freckle-faced French girl who can throw a baseball, or was it just a color story born of the lonesome dreamings of one of your staff who has a sweetheart of that complexion and color at home?

In a recent edition you mention several girls of that blaze, but found none that would suit and none who could qualify for adoption. As a newspaperman, you'll pardon me if I say that your staff is falling down on you in not being able to discover an honest-to-goodness bit of color like that. It was the first thing I spotted in this hamlet, and probably the only thing I've found in France that resembles something I can find back in the States.

She's red-headed, brilliantly so, freckled and blotched—but they're beautiful freckles and glorious blotches—pug-nosed and wears a short scrubby pig tail tied tight. Back home you could run across her in every street of every city, from Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Pittsfield, Albany, Buffalo, Chicago, St. Paul, Denver and Salt Lake to San Francisco, including way stations. She's got wicked, laughing eyes of blue—just like our American sisters and others who used to bother us so much at home with their devilishly attractive glances, but whose power has vanished, now that Mr. Burleson stands between us.

She's a war orphan, too, one of four whom a little woman in black—the neighbors call her the petite dame—is trying to keep alive and happy in some sort of way, God knows how. Their father, whose picture petite dame carries on a locket when she comes out in her few fine clothes of a Sunday or fête day, was killed two years ago.

He wasn't a typical poilu, for his huge, powerful head, with a chin like a Pennsylvania coal-miner's, was crowned with long curls of coal-black hair. His broad shoulders would have smashed through a football line on any gridiron. And, judging from the neighbors' accounts, he was a big, jolly, happy-go-lucky French boy of 26 who slipped away from here in the night time four years ago after kissing each of his three babies goodnight and hugging tight the petite dame and kneeling down with her beside their monstrous canopied bed—tons les deux praying that all would be well before it was time for the next little baby to come.

La fête rouge was only six then, and there were only three. She's ten now, and has another little sister. The poilu's prayer was answered, and the petite dame seems happy.

As for la fête rouge, this noon after mess she showed me something that looked like a grammar school diploma which read that Miss Harriet Sheridan of Cheyenne, Wyoming, Etats-Unis, had adopted Gilberte Lalande for one year. The petite dame thinks Miss Harriet Sheridan must be très gentille, and then she asks most innocently if all the women in l'Amérique are like Miss Sheridan.

Now it would be asking too much of France to find two red-headed, freckle-faced kids in the same family, but there are three more babies who are sisters of that red-headed, freckle-faced, pug-nosed, pig-tailed kid—that tiny bit of concentrated easy-at-hand American girlhood. Comprenez-vous?

Pvt. Ray T. Tucker, Inf.

ONE VERSION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

After reading your graphic account of the first battle of the Marne in the issue of September 6, it seems to me that the situation was about this:

Marshall Joffre was playing quarterback, directing the French team. It was Germany's ball on France's five-yard line. The Crown Prince, or somebody, fumbled, and it was France's ball again.

Then Marshal Joffre gave his famous "Hold 'em!" order, and the line stiffened. He shouted a string of numbers, and Generals Manoury and Castlenau, left right ends respectively, darted out toward the side lines, drawing the German ends and tackles out with them, and forcing the German guards to play out from the center so as to try to cover the French tackles too. "Look out for a kick!" hollered the German quarter, running back a bit. And then Marshall Joffre sent General Foch, his great plunging full-back, right through the German center for a 35-yard gain. Result: France's ball on her own 40-yard line, on the Aisne.

As far as I can figure out, the ball has been since then in France's territory, and Germany didn't get within kicking distance of the goal—which was and is Paris—until this last spring, and then only because she had a long-range dropkicker in the person of Krupp, a new man from the Essen Prep school. Even Krupp tries at it, I am told, all bounced off the side-posts or the crossbar.

With the new men in the French team—the left side of the line being British and the halfs and full being Yanks, with Foch, captain, at quarter—it looks good to me for our side to carry the ball well into Germany's territory before the end of this, the third quarter. If we could inflict penalties on Germany for unnecessary roughness and offside play, we'd have the ball back there now. And I look for a touchdown and goal early in the fourth.

I know you haven't got a sport page any more, but perhaps my explanation may be of some help to such lowbrows as myself who have to get things in terms of football.

Respectfully yours,

Ex-Fan.

MUSIC FOR A. E. F.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

You will no doubt be interested to learn that in addition to my regular distribution of popular music for band, orchestra and sheet music for piano and voice, I am now sending to music lovers in the A.E.F. an Army and Navy song book which I have succeeded in interesting the McKinley Publishing Company to publish. The folio contains 30 selections which have all been popularized here in this country within the last month, and is a dandy. Copies will be sent to America's fighting musicians upon request.

Don't forget the address, please—79 Hamilton Place, New York City.

Miss Ray C. Sawyer.

New York City.

FROM IOWA

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Have received copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES from our dear Daddy in France. How jolly well our brave boys must appreciate reading this paper. It seems so like them and we at home feel that we are nearer them when we can read the same paper. My copies have been worn to shreds from so many readers. Everyone is so anxious to see them.

Wishing THE STARS AND STRIPES success.

Grace B. Stockberger,

Ottumwa, Iowa.

HE LIKES M. P.'S

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

I am enclosing copy of a letter which was received by one of the officers of my command from a member of his company who had been pretty badly wounded in the recent fighting, and who was in the hospital at the time of writing.

In my opinion the fighting spirit of the American soldier in France and his attitude towards personal suffering and sacrifice are splendidly exemplified in his letter, and it is requested that it be published in your columns for the edification of our Army and our people at home.

Brig.-Gen., U.S.A.

Dear Friend Lt. ——:

Well, old friend, thought maybe you would like to know how I am coming so will drop you a few lines. I am feeling fine, just got my leg dressed, had a fine breakfast, also some good cigarettes. Now you will have to excuse this writing as I am on my back. I don't think I will have much chance of going to the front again as they had to amputate said leg. In fact, I think I am bound for Blighty; sounds good, doesn't it?

I was lucky getting off the field so soon; they picked me up in about 15 or 20 minutes after I was hurt and carried me about two miles to dressing station. Capt. ——(Surgeon) was with me all the way in. There they tried to set my leg, and put me in an ambulance and took me to a R.C. field hospital. There I nearly went under from loss of blood. At that place they amputated.

I found out what M.P.'s are good for; six of them gave me some of their blood. I have been in two hospitals since, but think I will stay here until I go home. Do you want me to stop in Rochester on my way? If so, let me know. How are all the boys? Give them my best and tell them that I sure would like to see some of them. Give Capt. Mac and Lts. B. and G. my regards. Well, as I am getting tired will close. Give all the boys my love, and tell them to give them Hell for me.

Your friend,

John Northrup.

ANOTHER SLOGAN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Allow me to suggest as a better slogan than "going over the top," "going pig-sticking."

The Terrible Dane, — Engrs.

SAVING

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Having been in a position to see the vast amount of waste material in the A.E.F. throughout the different camps and depots, I would like to make the suggestion of forming a waste department, or what we used to call the boneyard.

In civil life I was employed by one of the largest manufacturing firms in the States, looking after all their waste and inspecting it. We formed what we called a boneyard. Everything, before it was thrown away, had to go through this department. I don't see why they could not have such a department in the A.E.F. in each and every camp. It would save the Government thousands of dollars and much tonnage.

In the following paragraphs I will cite a few cases of material destroyed which could have been utilized.

In the uncrating of material the boards are invariably removed in such a manner as to make them useless for any other purpose than firewood. If nails pullers were used and care taken, these boards could all be saved and used to some good purpose; the same with all boxes, which are in most cases destroyed and burnt up. I don't think there is a nail puller in the A.E.F.

I notice all around the camp I am in at least 100 large galvanized cans each the size of a barrel. They take up a lot of tonnage space, as in shipping them the covers are wired on and all that space lost. There must be thousands of such cans all over France. They are used for waste paper and garbage cans. A wooden box perhaps wouldn't do for reasons of fire: I know of no other reason why the cans are used. The Q.M. is destroying tin lined boxes every day that could be used for that purpose and save a lot of shipping space.

Speaking of waste paper, all could be used for fire pulp and save a lot of coal and wood.

I have seen in the Q.M. sales department large tin boxes that tobacco is shipped in thrown out on the trash heap. These could be used for many purposes, as they are two feet square or larger by three feet high. A tinsmith would cut them up and use them for a good many things.

Burlap bags are cut open with a knife instead of undoing the top. I have seen men, in using cement, simply cut the bag.

One other thing I would like to speak about is the unloading of hay from cars. The men simply untie the ropes, holding the tarpaulins on one side of the car, letting the tarpaulins fall on the opposite side of the car. Now the point is this: The men switching the cars around the yards never look after these things, so when the engine hooks on the tarpaulin drags on the ground and is run over by the wheels. I have seen as many as five cut in one string of cars, and it is safe to say that there are five a day cut all over France. Five tarpaulins a day at $20 each makes $36,500 a year, not to mention the tonnage.

Reader, — Engrs.

THE GOLD STAR

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Having received copies of your paper through my brother, Sergeant Carl Thoete, Co. D, — Engrs., who was recently killed in action, I have wanted so often to express my appreciation for the keen enjoyment I have received from reading THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Perhaps it will be of interest to you to know of a little experience which has recently happened regarding the distribution of the paper for the big cause which we are all co-workers in.

Several days past I was in the company of several women active in war work, when THE STARS AND STRIPES was mentioned by some one who had seen a copy. As I was receiving the copies quite regularly and also realized full well how we were exerting every bit of energy for our boys, I decided that they could have my copies of your paper, and whatever amount they might realize on their sale would be turned into the wool fund for enabling us to increase our subscriptions for purchasing wool for the knitted garments which are so appreciated by all in the service. Four copies have already raised the wool fund several dollars more.

Although the sense of separation was very keen, for I treasure the papers so much, still they are accomplishing something so worth while that I wanted you to know of their loving mission.

Those of us who have our gold starred service flags realize all the more that there is so much we can do to carry on. Though I cannot take Brother's place in the trenches, I can do a bit here, especially when there is such perfect unity and co-operation everywhere about us.

Leona Ott,

Santa Barbara, California.

AMERICA IN FRANCE

IX—St. Mihiel

One of the first towns that Americans traveling in France after the war will insist on seeing because of its historic association with the work of the A.E.F. will be St. Mihiel, on the right bank of the Meuse.

This little city—in peace time it boasted 10,000 inhabitants—besides giving its name to the salient reduced and rectified by the Yanks on September 12 and 13, 1918, had already no small place in the history of France and of Europe before those eventful days. It has given to France many illustrious sons famed in the arts and sciences, and it owes its very existence to its proximity to a seat of learning which kept the torch of culture burning during the so-called dark ages.

It was in 706 that Saint Mihiel, otherwise known as Saint Michel (but not to be confused with the patron saint of Paris, who is none other than Saint Michael the Archangel himself), established, at about six kilometers' distance from the town which now bears his name, a great abbey for the Benedictine monks, of whose order he was an influential member. A little more than a century later, this abbey was brought nearer the banks of the Meuse under the direction of the celebrated abbot Imaragde, counsellor to no less a prince than Charlemagne.

Capital of a Duchy

The school of the abbey, under the direction of the Benedictines, flourished during the centuries that followed, and the town prospered in proportion. In 1301 St. Mihiel became the capital of the independent province of Bar, called a duchy, which later became one of the fiefs of the Duke of Lorraine.

In those days the Sammiellois were a race of noted weavers, and may were the *habits roses* and *satins brochés* that their dexterous hands turned out for the adornment of the great ladies of the royal and ducal courts of the period. The gold workers of the town also added to the richness of its cloth products with their ornaments, and to be dressed in the cloth and gold of St. Mihiel was the height of ambition for many a lord and lady of high degree in France and across the Rhine.

In the sixteenth century, St. Michiel became an artistic center, and the school of art which bore its name continued to spread its influence over France and beyond in the great days of the Renaissance.

Chief among the exponents of the Sammiellolse school was its founder, Ligier Richier, born in St. Mihiel in 1506. He was a pupil of Michael Angelo in Italy, and wrought much of his sculpture in the stone of his native region. The stone of St. Mihiel, when soaked in wax and oil, has much of the appearance and the durability of marble, as the works of Ligier, of his son, Gerard, and of Jean, Joseph and Jacob Richier who followed amply attest.

St. Mihiel's Churches

The old church of Saint Etienne in the town boasts a depiction of the Holy Sepulchre by Ligier Richier, considered the sculptor's masterpiece, as one of its most highly prized possessions. In the group an angle is seen bearing the Saviour's Cross and the nails and addressing condolences to Mary. St. Veronica stands alongside, holding the crown of thorns; below, Mary Magdalene is seen kissing the feet of the dead Christ, and Salomé is preparing the winding-sheet in the tomb.

In the church of Saint Michel, which is part of the abbey group of buildings, is another of Ligier's works, this time in wood, representing St. John the Beloved in the act of comforting the weeping Mary.

The church of Saint Michel has one example of the work of Jean Richier, grandson of Ligier, in its baptistry—a statue of a child playing with two skulls.

The more somber subjects seem to have appealed particularly to the art of the Richiers.

That the people of St. Mihiel have not been forgetful of their most famous townsman is attested by the Place Ligier Richier, at the head of the Rue de l'Eglise. There, in 1909, was erected a bronze statue of the sculptor, executed by a latter-day artist of St. Mihiel, named Vadel.

Other Famous Inhabitants

But the Richiers have had no monopoly of the work of bringing fame to the town of their birth.

Nicolas Cordier, born at St. Michiel in 1567, was a sculptor who decorated the holy city of Rome with his works. Jean Bérain, born there in 1640, was called the greatest designer of his century, and strove mightily to add to the brilliance of the reign of his monarch, Louis XIV, the "Sun-King." His brother Claude and his two sons, Jean-Baptiste and Jean, distinguished themselves in the decorative art. With the exception of Jean, all were natives of the little city by the Meuse.

In yet another line St. Mihiel has been known. Albert Girard, the mathematician, first saw the light of day there in 1595. He it was who made possible the further developments of mathematics and metaphysics by such men as Descartes and Sir Isaac Newton, who followed in his footsteps.

Before the fall of 1914, when the German army gobbled up the town in its advance and then held it for four years, St. Mihiel had known capture and siege.

In the course of the struggle between the duke of Lorraine and Bar with his liege-lord, Louis XIII, and Louis's great manager, Richelieu, it was captured and taken by the royal troops in 1635, but only after an heroic resistance by the garrison, loyal to the duke to the last. French strategical authorities of later times have not failed to recognize its importance, and during the last century it has always quartered a garrison of considerable size, particularly since 1870, when the Germans secured Metz.

A Descendant of Lafayette

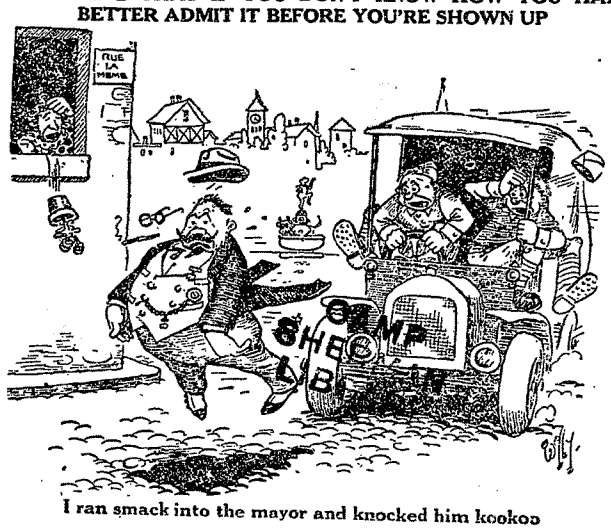
The Roman invaders and conquerors of Gaul were not unaware of the strategic value of the spot, for to the south of St. Mihiel can be found the Fort du Camp des Romains, deriving its name from the Caesar's warriors. The modern fort, held by the Germans up to the eventful close of last week, was built on the side of the old Roman encampment, which in turn took over the site of a still earlier Gallic "oppidum" or fortified town.

Of particular interest to Americans, outside of the outstanding recent events, is the fact that near St. Mihiel is the château of the Comte de Chambrun, a direct lineal descendant of the Marquis de Lafayette. The count, in company with Marshal Joffre and former Premier Viviani, was one of the first Frenchmen to welcome the United States into the war as a sister-ally, being a member of the official French mission that visited the States in April and May, 1917.

He re-entered his abode in company with American and French troops for the first time in four years, following the recapture of the old town last week.

HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

INDICATING THAT IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW YOU HAD BETTER ADMIT IT BEFORE YOU'RE SHOWN UP



I ran smack into the mayor and knocked him kookoo

Franse, Sept. 19, 1918.

Dear Henry. Well Henry if some bird tries to tell you that driving a truck in a convoy is a easy job you can figer he has been a hod carrier or a lumber jack or something and don't know what a easy job is like.

The other day some guy from the Q.M. dept. come over and says that he is looking for volunteers to go to a place down in the S.O.S. and drive some ford trucks up here. I never drove a ford Henry and neither did Buck but we said we'd go anyway.

This guy wanted to know if we could drive one up here without busting a wind shield or something and Buck said he had never busted one yet. Of course he hadn't Henry because he never had a chanse. And I ain't saying anything about myself either Henry.

Well there was 24 of us guys went down on the train and there was 24 fords all lined up and waiting for us. This bird in charge of us, who I bet couldn't herd a bunch of baby buggies down a strait street without getting several of them lost in an allay or something, lined us up and assigned us to a truck.

Right off the bat Henry I got little old no. 13 and Buck got no. 23. They all had numbers on them from 1 up to 24 and that's the numbers we got.

Right away Henry I told Buck there would be something terrible happen.

Well this guy had a truck full of gasoline come up and told us to fill up our gas and etc. I never gassed up a ford of course but I watched another gink and got the dope pretty strait.

I did it like he did and of course it was all right. Then I went down to where Buck was and he had filled up the water tank with gasoline and so we had to drain it all out and do it over.

I like to wore out my right arm cranking my old liz up but I got her started and then helped Buck get his going.

Well Henry this bird in charge of us got up in front and blew his whistle 3 times for us to start and we was off I busted a lamp first crack out of the box when this guy in front of me didn't get started with the rest of us.

What in hell's the matter with you anyway this bird in front say, don't you know how to drive a ford. Well I says if I don't I ain't got much on you, stopping in front of me like that.

Well I waited till this guy pulled out then I socked her into low and got a good start. Everything was going all right when the radiator or something begun to suck air and she died on me like she had quick nemonia.

I got out and cranked her Henry and first thing I knowed she walked right up my stummick and knocked me down and run into a telephone pole. I forgot to pull the brake back which disconnects the gear.

Well Henry you should of seen that loot came back there and rip me up the back. I can't tell you all he said to me Henry out it was enough to convince me I wasn't no expert when it come to driving a ford.

Well I backed her off the telephone pole and got her started again. For about a mile Henry I wasn't sure whether I was going to kill some guy or just cripple him.

I guess everybody along the road took a notion to cross over to the other side about the time I come along and it was pretty lucky for one guy that he run when he did or his folks might be going to his funeral or something today.

I kind of scraped one guys fender who passed me and nearly run into an old chevaux that some bird was riding.

We was going down a long hill and I had to put the brakes on all the time to keep from running into this bird ahead of me.

I was thinking about Buck and how he was coming etc. when I heard a hell of a noise and everybody got over to the right of the road for some bird to pass and pretty soon he passed at about 70 miles an hour and when I saw that little old no. 23 daugling on the car I knew that Buck would either be in the hospital soon or I would have an extra pair of blankets on my bunk. He was sure rambeling Henry.

Well when we got to the bottom of the hill Buck was alright but his car had to be toed in. He hit something which disconnected the ductad that connects up the dudinkus on the steering wheel with the gas tank or something.

But little old no. 13 wasn't through yet Henry. This loot in charge says Buck is too inkompetent to drive a ford so he steered it and Buck got in the car with me.

Right then I had a hunsh that Buck would bring me a lot of hard luck or something after I had my old liz running as smooth as a alarm clock.

We was coming through a Frensh town when I run smack into the mayor of the place and knocked him kookoo. And the more I think about it the more I think this gink ought to of been hit.

He started across the street when I was in 4 ft. of him and he could hear my horn tooting all the way down the street because that was Buck's job.

Well Henry everybody stopped and got out and it took about 5 minutes to bring the mayor to. All the time they was working on him the loot was looking at me like he was going to courtmarshall me or something.

Then after he come to the loot made a speech to him about how sorry he was and how unfortunate he was in having with him a guy who was wished on him by accident and who didn't know the first principals of driving a car etc.

And all that time Henry I was standing there while everybody looked at me and grinned. Buck was the only one who didn't look at me like I was a German or something who had come along just for the purpose of killing of the Frensh population and smashing up cars that was being used in the war etc.

Well the loot says to the sergeant Take this guy out here in the street and show him how to drive a ford so's he won't kill somebody. And then the sergeant got in the seat with me and made me drive out into the big square where I wouldn't have a chanse to hit somebody and started to learn me how to drive.

Henry I bet there was everybody in town come down to the square to watch me drive. Everybody that wasn't there when we come was there 2 minutes later and they was lined up on all sides of the square.

They kept hollering at me in Frensh and even the Americans kept telling me what to do too. One guy said for me to put her in high and make tracks like Barney Oldfield etc. and one asked me if the radiator had plenty of gas in it etc.

Well Henry I got so I could drive her all right and then we started for camp again. The mayor come around and shook hands with me and said it was all right. I guess he meant his stummick was getting all right or something because he had his hand on it.

Anyway Henry after I learned to drive we went along all right. When we hit the foot of the hill on the last lap my old liz started to coffing and I had to shove her into low to get her up.

It stopped about 10 ft. from the top and so rather than to start it again Buck and I pushed her on up and coasted clean into camp.

I guess it was pretty lucky for me that there was a hill there or maybe I would of been toed in because she wasn't working very good when it died on me the last time.

Anyway I'm here Henry and I guess it's a good lesson for Buck and I. You never want to try to do something in this army that you can't Henry. It don't pay. I might of been charged with murder of a mayor or something.

So long Henry,

S. T. B.

P.S.—The loot just come in and wanted to know what in hell I did with the karburator out of my ford. I ain't seen it Henry and I hope I never do.

ROSEY IS ABDUCTED, 50 FRANCS OFFERED

Villain in Motor Car Sought by Engineer Hawkshaws After Deed

Somebody has abducted Rosey, and Company E of the — Engrs. is het up about it.

What's more, that somebody was seen to alight from an American car on or about July 15, near the Camp of Company E, — Engrs., if you know where that is. Company E's alert guard gave chase to the end of his post, but couldn't chase any further without violating G.O. No. 5 as set down in the M.G.D. The car started up too quick anyway, and the sentry was so flubbergasted at the spectacle of the dastardly act that he saw red, and consequently couldn't lamp the number.

Company E says, right out bold in writing, that it will collectively pay 50 francs for Rosey's return or for information leading to her recovery, and hereby makes the offer through this newspaper. Company E doesn't furnish Rosey's descriptive list or service record, but it does send a picture. It is a little bit blurred and perhaps not flattering, so we won't use it, but here is a description compiled from it:

Nose, pronouncedly long; hair, stiff and bristly; eyes, narrow and set well into the head; ears, sharply pointed and laid back along her hairy neck; hands and feet, small, well-calloused and cloven——

"Hold on," says some one about now, "who'n'ell is this Rosey, you're getting intimate in describing?"

A fair question and a just one. Rosey is the five months' old wild boar mascot of Company I, — Engrs., and they love her like a buddy.

THINK OF VLADIVOSTOK

"Bet this is going to be an awfully tough winter."

"Cheer up. We might have been in that outfit they sent to Siberia."

M.P.'S RED NECKS BY NEW COLLAR MARKING

Scarlet Cloth Will Be Worn Under Metal Ornaments —School to Open

American military police—officers and enlisted men—are going to rival British staff officers in their collar decorations.

They are going to wear patches of scarlet cloth right under their collar ornaments. The patches will be 2 inches long and 1¼ inches wide, rounded at the corners. They will be worn on both sides, sewn lengthwise, 1 inch from each end and midway between the upper and lower edges, according to G.O. 152.

Officers will wear the bronze metal letters "U.S.," and enlisted men the regulation button insignia "U.S." in the center of the scarlet pieces.

The M.P.'s will have a school of their own at Autun, under the direct supervision of the Provost Marshal General.

UTE WAR WHOOP SIGNALS TRIUMPH OVER CRAFTY HUN

Chief Ross, Who Saluted Once and Says, "Ugh," Shines as Scout

CARRIES GERMAN PISTOL

Field Glasses Appear Mysteriously When Officer Admits He'd Like to Have a Pair

The Ute war cry rang through a French town the other day when Chief Ross, otherwise Private Ross, battalion scout of the — Infantry, during a moment of triumph over his German enemy, forgot himself and uttered the ancient battle cry of his race.

A year ago, when Private Ross bade farewell to his native state—Arizona—and shed his buckskin riding trousers for a uniform, he immediately became a chief. Not a chief with the same executive powers as the chiefs that ruled over his race years ago, but a plain buck private chief. His white brethren insisted on calling him Chief the first day he arrived in camp, although he peeled potatoes for the mess sergeant that day, and real chiefs are not supposed to do K.P.

Chief Ross is not what you would call a model soldier. He has been known to salute an officer only once, and that was when he had gone to his captain for the third time to request a pass. He says "Ugh" for "Yes, sir," and shakes his head for "No, sir." He never talks much, although he has a fair knowledge of English. He had smiled up to the other day only once since he has been in the Army, and that, his comrades say, was when his scout commander promised him a certain something if he would accomplish a certain errand which the officer was about to send him upon.

It was at a training camp in America that a scout captain first noted the scouting abilities of Chief Ross. One day the regiment was maneuvering, and it was necessary to send out scouts. Chief Ross was selected. A detachment, commanded by the captain, was to act as the enemy, and it was Chief Ross' duty to scout ahead of the advance guard, locate the enemy and report his location to the colonel.

Enemy Is Located

An hour later the Indian reported the exact location of the "enemy" and then disappeared. When the captain and his detachment had been captured Chief Ross brought up the rear. He had returned to their position and hid behind a log to avoid a mistake in case the "enemy" changed its location. During his going and coming the scout had been unobserved, and the captain was much surprised on learning that his position in a thick berry patch had been under observation by Ross from the time he entered it until his capture.

When the regiment arrived in France, Chief Ross, with 40 others, was chosen as a battalion scout. Then it was that his real work began.

The first day the regiment went into battle, Chief Ross was very active. By night, he knew every shell hole in No Man's Land, the location of every machine gun nest and sniper's post.

It was during that first day of battle that the Indian scout relapsed into a silence profound even for him. He spoke to no one except on rare occasions. When directed to perform a certain errand, he merely grunted and then faded away into the forest or underbrush. The errand performed and he has never failed to perform one yet, whether it be a machine gun nest that needs silencing or only a sniper he would return to his own lines with out even so much as making a report to h' at commander.

Admired by Poilus

His actions were noticed by the French officers and poilus. What they regarded him as at first they were too polite to tell, but soon they began to understand and admire him.

There came the night at Fismes when the scout officer and patrol found themselves lost in a dark wood. They dared not go one way or another without first obtaining proper information as to their location for fear of walking into the German lines. They were discussing their problem when a dark form crawled out from under a shelter and approached the lieutenant.

It was Chief Ross. He walked over to the officer, pulled at his coat sleeve and bade him follow, uttering one of his grunts. Fifteen minutes later the party walked back into its own lines.

Chief Ross developed a certain paternal affection for a German luger pistol that he had captured one night in the enemy trenches. He carries it with him wherever he goes for ear that one of his white brothers will annex it in his absence if he leaves it lying around. He has been known to sleep with it strapped to his belt.

It is with this automatic pistol that he accomplishes his various tasks as a battalion scout. He seldom carries anything else except hand grenades. His supply of ammunition is always low, but he manages to visit the German trenches often enough to keep supplied, and this German-made weapon has killed many Boches.

Job for the Chief

The scout commander expressed his desire to acquire a pair of German field glasses. He made the remark to another officer in the presence of Chief Ross. That night a scouting party went out, and Chief Ross was of it. Next morning the Indian approached the scout commander and presented him with a pair of field glasses. "I get him dug-out," he explained, pointing towards the Germans lines.

It was last week, during the American advance beyond Fismes across the Vesle, that the greatest test of all came. A machine gun was holding up the advance with a harrassing fire.

It was broad daylight—three o'clock in the afternoon. The task of silencing the machine gun was left to the scout commander. A picked patrol was to go out and accomplish the job. The work fell on Chief Ross and three companions, the three being picked because they are almost as clever as Ross himself.

The patrol disappeared into the underbrush with the Indian leading, his luger pistol ready and two grenades bulging in his hip pocket.

The machine gun emplacement, it was discovered, was in the high window of a building not 200 yards from the American line. Two men were left out front to draw its fire, and Chief Ross and the fourth man advanced on the position from two sides.

It was Ross who got within range first. He crawled up to within a few yards of the building and could see the muzzle of the machine gun protruding through the window.

An instant later, a well aimed grenade hurled from the Chief's right hand burst inside the compartment, killing one of the two Germans and demolishing the gun. The surviving German retreated through a back window and slid to the ground directly behind the building, where he would be protected by German machine gun fire from the rear.

It was certain death to attempt to reach the retreating Hun from either side of the building, as machine guns were then pouring forth a hailstorm of bullets.

The German was cunning, but not nearly so cunning as the Ute. Chief Ross swung himself up to the roof, and, catlike, approached its ridge, where he had a commanding view of his fleeing enemy.

Three shots did the job.

It was then that Chief Ross released his tribe's ancient war whoop. It was his moment of triumph, and if the other members of the patrol could have seen the Indian's face at that moment, they might have seen him smile for the second time since he has been in the Army.

TO A DOUGHBOY

I watched you slog down a dusty pike,
One of many, so much alike,
With a spirit keen as a breath of flame,
Ready to rise and read to strike
Whenever the fitting moment came;
Just a kid with a boyish grin,
Waiting the order to hustle in
And lend your soul to the battle thrill,
Unafraid of the battle din
Or the guns that crashed from a hidden hill.

I watched you leap to the big advance,
With a smile for Fate and its fighting chance,
Sweeping on till the charge was done;
I saw your grave on a slope of France
Where you fell asleep when the fight was won;
Just a kid, who had earned his rest
With a rifle and helmet above his breast,
Who proved, in answer to German jeers,
That a kid can charge a machine gun nest
Without the training of forty years.

I watched the shadows drifting by
As gray dusk came from a summer's sky,
And lost winds came from beyond the fight,
And I seemed to hear them croon and sigh:
"Sleep, little dreamer, sleep tonight;
Sleep tonight, for I'm bringing you
A prayer and a dream from the home you know;
And I'll take them word of the big advance,
And how you fought till the game was through
And you fell asleep in the dust of France."

HERE AND THERE IN THE S.O.S.

Worn shoes washed in big steamroller tubs the same as your collars are washed back home, and punctured and badly wounded rubber boots patched and vulcanized by the methods the tire managers in the garage—these are two of the hurry-up ways in which the Army salvage plant at Blois is cutting time and labor in making old shoes and boots into new.

No other shoe plant in the world washes shoes in a laundry machine, the salvage men say. Soaking hardened shoes in oil vats is another new feature.

In repairing rubber boots, big-scale operations have produced more novel methods. For instance, there's the drying of boots after they have been thoroughly washed. The boots are placed, soles down, over hollow tubes out of which rush continuous blasts of hot air.

After all the torn parts have been cut away and the edges cleaned—perhaps the whole heel and half of the sole must be taken off—the boot is shoved on an iron last of exact size. Expert tire repair men then build up new fabric in the holes, using strips of raw rubber, and a molded heel if necessary. Then the boot is clamped in a steam-frame and baked until the new parts are as solid as the old.

Shoes that can't be repaired are not wasted. French girls shred their uppers into leather shoe strings, each shoe making seven or more strings.

There are machines, acting on the player-piano principle, in the hospital records department of the Chief Surgeon's office that have mechanical electric brains that tell infallibly just how many soldiers are in hospitals with mumps and influenza, or gunshot wounds of the arms and legs—tell just how many men are suffering from each disease, and how many have been wounded in each part of the anatomy.

Not only that, but the machines sort the names of the sick and wounded alphabetically, record changes in diagnosis and complications, tell the dates of admission and discharge from hospital, the total number of days in hospital, and whether sickness or injury was in line of duty. They tell a lot of other things, too.

The basis of the system is a record card printed something like a meal ticket or street car transfer. When the lists of the sick and wounded come to headquarters a card is made out for each man. French girls run the cards through machines which punch little holes in all the ruled divisions of the card, the location of each hole definitely marking the number assigned to a disease or wound, dates, names by the first four letters, and all the other data to be recorded.

The card contains 35 or more holes when finished. They look like a section of a player-piano roll. The punctured cards go to the electric tabulating machines, through which they run at fastest machine gun speed, little speedometer dials clicking up the figures sought.

After being tabulated the cards are run through machines which sort them alphabetically by name or according to any other information desired. For instance, this machine will sort out at one time the cards of all men with fractures of the arms or legs, wounds of the head, face, abdomen and chest, and a dozen other parts of the anatomy if desired.

Lieutenants who used to drive cream-colored understung racers, and were in the habit of telling confidentially how "she'd make over 70 any time you stepped on her," won't have much chance to travel along French roads so fast that the poplar trees look like a wall.

The Sunbeams and Packards and Wintons of the A.E.F. have got to be mighty circumspect on the open roads and in the towns of the S.O.S. from now on. For the word has been passed round that M.P.'s on motor-cycles are flitting around the headquarters towns, and they're going to be just as rough as the township constable who used to build a new porch to his house out of one week's justice court fees.

MEDICAL OFFICERS ON EQUAL FOOTING

Those Entering Service With Guard Units in Line for Promotion

Medical officers who came into the A.E.F. with former National Guard units are under the same rules for promotion as government medical officers originally belonging to the Medical Reserve Corps, the Deputy Chief Surgeon, A.E.F., has just announced.

This is in accordance with the General order recently issued by the President abolishing the distinctions of Regular Army, National Army, Reserve Corps and National Guard, and specifying there is but one Army, the United States Army, and providing that commissions in it may be regarded as permanent, provisional or temporary.

The Chief Surgeon recently announced that medical officers would be placed in grades for promotion, based on these factors: Age and length of professional experience, length of service in Army, and character of Army service with reference to hardships undergone and deeds of gallantry. It was specified also that officers under 31 would not be promoted, except where they had rendered especially distinguished service or had been more than one year on active duty.

'SHELL SHOCK' LABEL NO LONGER IN USE

Diagnosis Must Be More Specific, Says Chief Surgeon's Bulletin

The term "shell shock" will not be accepted as a diagnosis or disability or death, according to a bulletin from the office of the Chief Surgeon, A.E.F. "It is not a medical term, but a piece of military slang," adds the bulletin.

"If the medical officer thinks the man has been 'concussed' or is physically exhausted he should say so," it continues, "and if he thinks the soldier is suffering more from nervousness than from concussion or exhaustion, he should say so by using the terms provided in the nomenclature of diseases or the symbol N.Y.D., followed by 'nervous' in parentheses."

The term "shell shock," it is explained in the bulletin, is not permitted in the British or French armies nor in the armies of the enemy.

"The chow was swell today—the best we've had up here yet."

"Hell it was! Where was you when the shell come over?"

CITIZENSHIP OPEN TO A.E.F. SOLDIERS

Naturalization Process Reduced to Mere Signing of Paper

ENEMY NATIONS INCLUDED

Subjects of Germany and Austria Considered Loyal May Renounce Allegiance to Kaisers

Unnaturalized soldiers in the A.E.F. are to become citizens of the United States by simply signing a paper.

They may become citizens even if they had lived in the United States but a few days before they enlisted.

Subjects of enemy nations, too, who are considered loyal to the United States may by the one simple procedure renounce their allegiance to Wilhelm II or Charles I—which sovereign the accident of birth gave them—and become as real citizens as if they were born in Pittsburgh in 1885.

All this is provided for in G.O. 151, directing that company commanders immediately carry out the provisions of the act Congress passed last May to permit naturalization of aliens fighting in Uncle Sam's armies.

The procedure has been made purposely simple. The one paper, to be signed in duplicate, combines all the requirements of the usual naturalization process which takes five years. It combines the Petition for Naturalization, the Affidavit of Witnesses and the Oath of Allegiance. After an alien-born soldier signs the paper, he is to be regarded as an American citizen, with no "ifs" or "ands." The notation will be made on his service record.

Must Understand Step

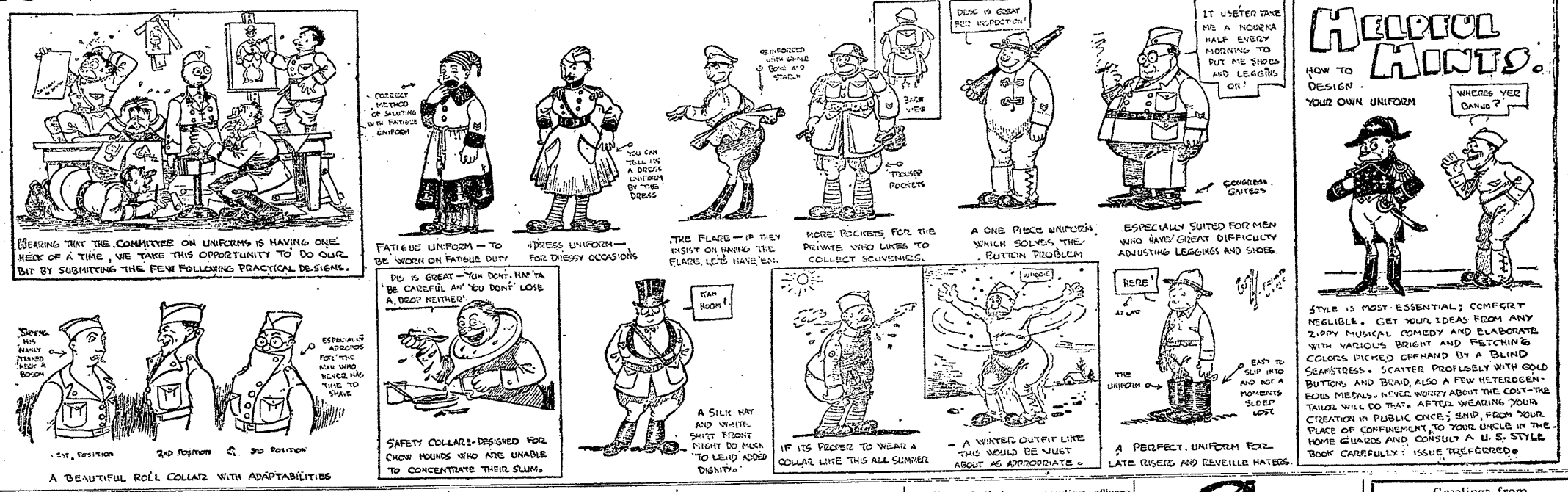
But—before he signs, his commander must have assured himself that the candidate has fully understood the terms of the step he is taking and that he is sincere in his intention to return to the United States to live after the war. His character must be good, also.

The alien-born must be told that they are not compelled to take out the citizenship papers. The Government wishes the right to be given purely on a voluntary basis.

The Government will see that the granting of citizenship rights by the paper signed is made a part of the court records of the nearest naturalization court to the place of the registrant's former residence. It will see also that he eventually receives a final certificate of naturalization when he returns to the States. Final certificates will not be sent to soldiers abroad, because the papers might fall into the hands of the enemy.

An alien may change his name also at the same time he signs the paper, by simply making a notation on the margin.

TO THE COMMITTEE ON UNIFORMS —By WALLGREN



M.T.C. GUN HAULERS PUT SPEED IN BATTLE

Shells Sometimes Reach Positions Before Battery Comes Up

MORE THAN MERE DRIVING

New York East Side Taxi Drivers Find Transplanted Jobs Exciting as Old Ones

Lieutenant Robinson's outfit of trucks has for its insignia an Indian head. There was a time when this befeathered red-man on the tail gates, bringing to mind the dash and romance of the plains and the fiery action of the cinema, seemed rather to belie these lumbering unemotional trucks, while the drivers, who had come to France with their own notions as to what war was like, had their enthusiasm a bit deadened when their part in the great game seemed to consist of screwing up inaccessible grease cups and waiting for *corvées* at loading parks to finish their *soupe*.

Lying on their backs squirting grease guns while large flakes of oily mud fell into their eyes or driving for days and nights without stop or sleep through hot stinging dust clouds caused these chauffeur-doughboys to think that their life was far, far removed from romance.

But not now. Now even that section of transplanted New York East Side taxi drivers is satisfied, for this new style has brought the M.T.C. into its own.

The Old-Fashioned Way

In the old days, for example, the truck took ammunition to a dump where it was transferred in the night by small horse vehicles to the field artillery. During these speedy two months, though, trucks have been hauling ammunition straight to the guns—in the daytime—the guns waiting at times and not giving the shells time to touch the ground before they were in the breeches. The pieces have been moving so quickly that often the ammunition has been taken to new positions in advance before the guns themselves got there.

This place, which makes the foot soldier plan to keep up with it, has been too fast even for the horse. Soixante-quinze guns are carried by trucks; and then other trucks and omnibuses bring up the horses.

To make still more speed, drivers have been loading and unloading their own trucks as well as driving. One section serving with the French in the Montdidier region claims a record for unloading soixante-quinze guns. In exactly 23 minutes it unloaded eight.

Not a Tame Life

Truck convoys have, of course, always been subject to shell fire and gas. The life has by no means been a tame one. And anybody who has ever driven a five-ton car with five tons of ammunition on an all night run will admit that to be an M.T.C. man requires steel nerves—especially on crowded roads without lights, when perhaps the driver cannot see three yards ahead of the radiator cap, and perhaps with sheets of rain dashing against his face, when an error in judgment means smashing an artillery caisson or bumping a half dozen sleepy doughboys into the ditch.

To this, however, has recently been added the wild west touch with which Lieutenant Robinson's red-man insignia fits in so well.

The truck now meets the airplane in battle. One outfit recently staged a truck-driver-airman combat that would have delighted the heart of the most sensational spirited of movie directors.

Thirty-five trucks were attacked by eight two-seated planes with machine guns and bombs. At the end of a 15-mile chase every truck was scarred, one had been partly shattered by a bomb, and one man was wounded: but the planes, who had had all the advantage, retired, and the drivers declared it a victory.

Yanks Use Their Resources

The Yanks had few resources on their side in this unequal combat, but they used them all. Immediately they took a zigzag course as much as the road would permit, and at every forced stop due to congestion of traffic, the drivers seized their Springfields and plugged away.

The picturesque feature was added meanwhile by the second drivers, who stood on the running boards the whole time and with automatic and rifle shot at the pursuers.

The planes came to within 50 yards overhead, too low for anti-aircraft guns to get at them, and the truckmen could see the faces of the Germans as they leaned over to drop their bombs. But the only important effect of the scrimmage was that the trucks reached their destination half an hour early.

As to steel nerves, one might mention a certain sergeant in the Soissons region whose car went dead at a corner under a barrage fire. While shells filled the air about him with splinters and the dust of falling houses and while five soldiers were killed half a dozen paces away, he nonchalantly readjusted the delicate mechanism of his magneto.

What Private Kuszmaul Did

But the foremost is the story of Private Kuszmaul.

The German bombing planes have developed a neat idea of making the night life of the truck driver interesting by dropping flares into a town where they think convoys may be passing and then bombing by the light of the these—the star shell reversed.

In this manner Kuszmaul's truck was struck squarely by a bomb. Kuszmaul himself was hurled from his seat into a ditch by the roadside and wounded in the thigh.

Then, according to the official report, he "got up, thus wounded, cranked his car, found that the engine was uninjured, got back into his seat, put off his brake, threw in his clutch, and drove his car three yards before he lost control." On the way to hospital Private Kuszmaul died of his wound.

Kuszmaul of the M.T.C. had stuck to his job.

BASTIENNE'S HAND IS ALL A-TREMBLE

Little Mascot Writes Her Gratitude to Yankee Godfathers

My Dear Parrains,—I am so excited that my little hand shakes when I think that I am going to let you know how grateful I am for your kindness in being interested in my welfare. I was so very happy to hear the good news the day of my first communion. I earnestly prayed God for you and I shall ask Him every night to give you life and health as long as He will so that you can defend our dear country and avenge my dear father, who fell on the field of honor before Verdun.

You ask me to tell you about our life since the war. That is rather a hard task for a little girl like me. I remember several times seeing groups of German horsemen passing through the place where we were living. A few days afterward the guns could be heard nearer and nearer every minute. On October 3, 1914, the shells began falling on our village and the Germans came in large numbers. Then we had to leave our dear home in northern France, and fled, my mother and sister and I, before the enemy.

Followed the Soldiers.

For two or three weeks we followed the soldiers, hoping the enemy would be driven away and that we could go back home. But instead we had to be evacuated further. First we stayed at Calais, and then we went by boat to La Palisse-Le Rochelle. We were four whole days on the water. Afterwards we were sent to Bordeaux and then to Jarnac. That long, painful journey in which we endured all sorts of fatigue owing to the great number of evacuees and some hunger, did not last less than five weeks, because I remember very well arriving at Jarnac on November 6, 1914.

The mayor allotted us a nice house, and I went to school every day and studied my lessons. But the very first news we received about my father was bad news. He had been killed before Verdun on November 5. You can guess, dear parrains, how grieved we were—he who loved us so, and we were forever deprived of his love. It makes me cry even now to write about it. But I feel very happy to know that you are there to replace him.

For two years my mother and sister and I lived on our allocation, and then, after a very short illness (only two weeks), my mother died on July 26, 1917. My Uncle Betrancourt, who was a refugee with his family at Cairmaux, came for us and we now live with him. He is very good to us.

Stands Second at School

I go on with my studies and do my best at school. I am second at school, and I was also second for the catechism, of which I was very proud. Some good people in the village paid for my first communion dress, otherwise I should not have had any. I thanked them from my heart, and I was very, very happy on that wonderful day when I received the good news from you.

Sometimes I play with my schoolmates, but what I like best is to read nice books and knit little things. A friend was kind enough to take my picture with my first communion dress on, and I shall send you one as soon as I get them.

I think, dear parrains, that the little letter I began to write has grown into a very long one. I love you more and more, and I wish you good luck, and shall pray to God to keep you safe always.

Awaiting good news from you, I am,
Your loving little mascot who sends you a kiss,
Bastienne Massin.

FOUND—BEAU BRUMMEL

There are dandies and dandies, even in the Army. There are men who will devote three-quarters of an hour to shining their shoes, not because they are mounting guard that afternoon, but merely because they are going down street.

But any list of the dressy people in the A.E.F. would be incomplete if it failed to mention the youth who, because he is sensitive about the thin calves with which heaven has graced him, always covers them in several thicknesses of newspaper before he puts on his dress spirals.

HEART BAD, BUT IT BEATS TRUE AT TOUL

Doctors Rejected Johnny, Who Goes Over and Returns a Hero

Johnny Salmon, who hails from Lowell, Mass., went to Camp Devens last fall along with a lot of other lads. Once there, the doctors looked him over and shook their collective heads.

"Heart," they said. "First shock'd send him blooey. Sorry; can't keep him; let 'm go home."

Regretfully Johnny Salmon left the Army, its work and its ways—but not for long. The call of the wild O.D. proved irresistible. He was enrolled and shipped overseas as a K. of C. field worker.

Just a little while ago Johnny, who was helping to care for the inner and other wants of a certain outfit up on the Toul front, heard that there was a raid about to be pulled off. He heard furthermore that the chaplain was going to trail along, to help bring any of the boys back who might need such bringing. And then Johnny just marched right up to the commander of the raiding party and said his little say.

"If you're going to let the padre go over, you might just as well let me go," he pleaded. "I'm just as much of a civilian as he is. I'll promise not to use a gun or play rough or do any of the things a civilian ought not to do, but if I can be of any help like the Reverend here, I'd like to be. What's more, I'm darned if I won't be!"

"Follow the crowd," said the officer. Then the barrage started.

When the gang came back, flushed with success, some little time later, Johnny Salmon, ex-Devens-reject, came galumphing back with them. On his shoulders he bore a wounded comrade, whom he brought to comfort and safety.

And now all that Johnny is living for it to run into, over here, those doctors who told him nearly a year ago that his heart wasn't any good, that he couldn't stand noise and shock, and so forth, and so forth, and so forth.

USE FOR CYLINDER OIL

One resourceful sanitarian in the A.E.F. has made this discovery: Cylinder oil, after being removed from automobiles that have been cleaned, if mixed with kerosene, is very efficacious and suitable for sanitary purposes, especially for latrines and manure piles.

A.E.F. HOSPITALS CLASSIFIED ANEW

All But Field and Evacuation Will Be Designated S.O.S. Formations

With the exception of evacuation and field hospitals, all hospitals are henceforth to be designated as S.O.S. formations. This is the purport of Bulletin No. 29, Hq. S.O.S.

These hospitals are divided into two classes. The first includes hospital centers and base or special hospitals disconnected from hospital centers. The second includes camp or other hospitals serving purely local purposes.

Hospitals of the first class have the status of general hospitals. They are under the control of the commanding generals of the sections of the S.O.S. in which they are located solely in the matter of discipline, guard, inspection, construction, supply and fire protection. In all other matters they are under the direct control of the Chief Surgeon, A.E.F., and their commanding officers have the responsibility and authority of post commanders in addition to their other duties.

Hospitals of the second class, including those which serve school areas, are under the control of the commanding generals of the sections in which they are located, that control being exercised through the surgeon on the staff of the section commander.

A SPOT TO BE AVOIDED

It happened in Paris. He was black, a Yank soldier, and from New Orleans. He was heading toward the Seine, when an on-coming comrade, same color, halted him. Said the comrade: "I'd be advisin' you, Lestah, not to go too neah that river; they's likely to be lookin' foh a molasses detail."

"Americans entirely too rough," say German prisoners. Who opened this pot, anyway?

INSIDE THE ST. MIHIEL SALIENT

The Yankees had scarcely finished sorting and swapping their German helmets and other stuff captured between the Marne and the Vesle and packing it off to the folks when they gathered in a whole depot of trophies from the rich regions behind St. Mihiel.

Every doughboy hustling through a village in that salient last week had one eye open for lurking Boches and mines and the other eye, the twinkling eye, open for a souvenir for the girl he's fighting for.

Two privates were jogging through one town on the seat of a ration cart last Friday morning when one of them spied a gray-green, handsomely braided overcoat hanging out to air in front of what had been a German P.C. a few hours before.

"I saw it first," said the large one, sternly. "Now, Buddy, while I keep my hand on these mares, you hike over there and cut off them sleeves for me. I'll bet Eliza Jane can make something pretty doggone nifty out of them."

The other, nothing loath, got out his pen knife and had just hacked off the second sleeve when out of the house swarmed a staff of junior officers. He felt his legs give way beneath him. He knew by their faces what he had done. He had ruined the overcoat which had been tailored and adorned in America to shelter the general commanding the brigade then in possession of the town.

The general was asleep below. His lieutenants, with ill-concealed relish, woke him up so that the show might start at once. The general said several things about the vandalism evidently taught in the rival brigade. He spoke of firing squads, years and year in Fort Leavenworth, pay detained for the duration of the war and so on. Then, after a struggle, he burst out laughing, and that's all there is to that story.

On the eve of such an attack as was launched on the St. Mihiel salient, if you lack any item in your equipment, you must improvise on the spot.

A field hospital was setting up its tents on the top of a hill not far distant from the battlefield when it was discovered that there was no whitewash at hand to paint the giant white cross on the ground which serves to notify the Boche bombers that a hospital is there in operation, the cross which is supposed to protect the hospital, though it has been known to fail. Yet when darkness came, a huge and supremely visible cross lay in the charmed circle. It had been fashioned by stretching out two latrine cloths.

"Our lot has been hard," said the old lady of Thiaucourt when a passing Yankee stopped to give her a drink from his canteen, "but something tells me the lot of the people in Germany has been harder. You should see the German bread, black, heavy, unpalatable bread. Yet the hungry soldier will deny himself half of his so that he may mail some of it home to his folks.

"Think what the want must be in those homes when they have to ask their boys at the front to send them back part of their rations—and such rations."

You may measure the instant success of the attack on the St. Mihiel salient by the fact that by sunset of the third day Jewish soldiers were leaving the line for the observance of Yom Kippur. One of them went off to the celebration in particularly uplifted mood. His "breeches, 1 pr. wool O.D." had been scandalously dirty and, noting that fact, his captain had cheerfully lent him his own very best.

A Slovak butcher, working at some German headquarters in the St. Mihiel salient and blissfully unconscious of impending doom, had breezed into Thiaucourt, where there was the equivalent of a depot quartermaster, to buy him some supplies when he found himself gazing upon three Yankee sharpshooters.

"I was mighty scared at first," he said, "but they had no sooner spoken than I found they were Slovaks, too. You must have all nationalities in your Army. Well, they gave me any orange, they gave me a piece of chocolate, they gave me a cigarette and here I am."

The examining officers at the prisoner pens talk German like natives, but often the prisoners don't and that leads to complications.

One inquisitor, who had just used his best German vocabulary on an uncomprehending Hungarian, turned him over to a special questioner and took on five strangely clad and somewhat bewildered prisoners who, after a great deal of shouting and arm-waving, managed to convey the fact that they were neither Germans nor Austrians nor Hungarians nor Slovaks. They were Italians—five Italians taken prisoner last fall and set to mending roads behind the German lines.

They were much pleased when it slowly dawned on them what had happened, and they wanted to kiss General Pershing or somebody right away.

The Poles and the Alsatians captured are received with extra cordiality at the prison pens, where they are kept apart from the other prisoners. There is a really heart-warming scene when the Alsatian-born Yankee sergeant at one of the pens opens his arms to a brother Alsatian caught in a Yankee dragnet.

One observer at the front on September 12 traversed the roads for six hours. During that time he passed, all told, four wounded Yankees and, in many detachments, about 2,000 German prisoners. This proportion cheered him immensely, and while the ratio was probably not quite so good as all that, his sample of the results was not so very misleading.

Every big American gun has a name of its own, bestowed upon it by the men of the battery. One of the big ones that pounded away at the German communications behind St. Mihiel was named "Wilson's Answer."

You could hear Wilson's answer all over Lorraine.

Of course in every army the telephone stations have odd and frequently changed code names. For example, Parsnips may be Vladivostock tomorrow. It might be a boy's name one day or a flower's name the next.

In one P.C. that played a big part in the St. Mihiel battle, a skilful but rather effeminate young captain had to endure the titters in the dugout whenever he went to the telephone and was there obliged to say:

"Yes, this is Annabelle."

In the woods just west of Thiaucourt, a lieutenant in the Sanitary Corps went out to test the water in a nearby spring. While he was on this job he looked up just in time to see two Boches advancing. Although armed with nothing deadlier than a first aid pouch, he made a motion toward his right hip. Immediately both Boches, catching the motion, lifted their hands in surrender.

Other Boches soon came forward from the woods, and each, coming suddenly upon the officer still making threatening motions toward his pistol-less hip, surrendered in turn.

By the time a sergeant and five Yankee privates came along, the lieutenant had a bag of 19 German prisoners to turn over to them.

As the Americans and French advanced up through the St. Mihiel salient, French detachments followed each regiment into various towns with French signs all ready to supplant the German signs that had adorned buildings and street corners for four years.

So eager were the French to get these signs up that one French officer came near being 30 minutes too soon. He was advancing up the road towards Apremont when, less than a kilometer from the village, he almost stumbled over troops lying in the road, rifles at the shoulder.

"What are you doing here?" asked the officer in charge of the troops.

"I'm on my way to Apremont," replied the Frenchman, "to post these signs."

"Then you'd better wait about 80 minutes until we take it," came the reply. "It's still full of Germans."

"Yet," remarked the Frenchman, "they say we are a deliberate race and never in a hurry."

The proudest Yank in the whole advancing army was one who had an empty truck going forward. On his way up he began picking up refugees along the road, old men, women, children, cradles, baskets. But the proudest moment of his trip came when he saw a little girl, not over four years old, sitting by the side of a road with a wee doll in her arms. The Yank stopped the truck, jumped down and gave the pair, baby and doll, the seat of honor at his left. And from that point on he watched his charge as carefully as he did the jammed and crowded road ahead.

There is one Yankee sergeant who is still uncertain as to whether he gets a wound stripe or not. He had gone forward in the charge against machine gun nests and shrapnel without a mark. Then the time came to halt and dig in. While at this place he attempted to open a can of condensed meat and the same exploded, injuring his right hand.

Quite a number of Germans are not so keen at standing by their machine guns to the death as they used to be. One rear guard machine gun detachment hidden in a woods began firing rapidly. But when the Yanks arrived they found each machine gun pointing directly upward, with German hands extended in the same general direction.

There was one Yank private in Thiaucourt who took a chance, but he couldn't resist the temptation. When his mates first saw him they were uncertain whether he was the Kaiser or the Crown Prince as they rushed forward to make the capture.

For he was riding a German officer's horse, he had on a German officer's helmet and on his chest was pinned the iron cross, all left by German officers in their rush to safety. The Yank squad bent upon making an important capture were a trifle disgusted to find that it was only Private Jones of the Infantry.

Among the spoils of the St. Mihiel salient were many Boche ambulances which supplied striking evidence of the scarcity of rubber in Germany.

The front wheels of the ambulances were equipped with steel tires—an ingenious affair with an outer rim like that of a wagon tire separated from the wheel by steel spiral springs. The rear tires were pneumatic and of rubber like ours, but they were encased in a leather cover to reduce wear.

Some of the ambulances were doing business in the American ambulance service before their engines had been stilled many hours. They are rougher to ride in than ours, harder to steer and much noisier.

There are few braver, more hopeless deeds in the annals of this war than that of one 48-year-old German soldier who, deserted by his comrades and without food and water, stuck to his machine gun post in the tower of a shell-gutted church for three days after the Americans entered and took possession of one little town northeast of St. Mihiel.

The German, with a non-com and another soldier, had been stationed in the tower and told to stick to the last by a lieutenant who immediately left for the north. When the American Artillery got too hot, the non-com and the second private sought shelter in a cellar, and there they were found when the Americans entered the town.

The Boche shelled the same town a few hours after the Americans got through and continued his shelling intermittently during the next three days, but undeterred, the grizzled German stuck to his sniping post.

He fired only when an airplane was in sight overhead, and the spasmodic sputterings of his gun were put down to airplane fire.

Fortunately for the Americans, his post did not command any important points. A headquarters had been established in the shadow of the church tower, but the pitch was too great for him to negotiate with his gun.

At the end of the third day he was seen by a doughboy, who climbed up and captured him. He was feeble from lack of nourishment and thirst, or he might not have surrendered so easily.

"For Germany and the Kaiser," was his explanation as to why he had stuck it out.

"The master ill befits the servant," said the officer who examined him. "Give him a big feed and a package of cigarettes."

The sign painter and poster got busy before the dust had settled in the wake of the Infantry. Sometimes new signs were put up, and sometimes a German sign was merely reversed and the desired American inscription painted upon its back.

There were signs telling which way the roads led—some of them—and signs that the headquarters of the — Engineers was there and the P.C. of the — Division here. But there was one sign, of the rest, that always attracted attention. It was just on the line from which the Americans started their advance. With an arrow pointing vaguely forward it read merely:

"U.S"

In the German army, as in the American, garden patches supplement the food ration. German military gardens in the reclaimed salient, however, were so numerous and of such size that the impression the Americans got was that the German soldiers in this sector depended largely for food upon what they themselves produced and upon what was grown by the French natives forced to work in the fields for three sous an hour.

Our captures include several thousand acres of gardens, and although it is rather late in the season, the pickings will be far from poor for many resourceful mess sergeants.

Residents of the freed towns got a real example of the American soldier's buying power. Stores and shops which had full stocks, enough to last for weeks or months with the desultory buying of the civilian population and the modestly paid German soldiers, were all sold out within two or three hours after the Americans arrived.

The hasty evacuation of certain towns by the Germans resulted in many curious finds by policing, mopping-up and salvage parties. One German brigadier who had departed with more speed than grace had apparently kept a complete file of all orders from German general headquarters and a thorough file of all confidential data and correspondence. An intelligence officer, called to the scene, started to go through it, but the task was too much for him. He shipped all the papers off to headquarters.

The collection exactly filled one Quartermaster's truck.

The main trench of resistance at certain places, at least, around the salient was about as stiff and scientifically enforced a line as most of the doughboys who took it had ever had an opportunity to examine. Behind numerous outer trenches and machine gun and picket posts this main line ran, usually along high ground commanding a sweep of all the space for many yards in front.

It was for the most part about 10 feet deep and four or five feet wide at the top, with steps leading up to machine gun and lookout posts at the top and stairways leading to deep dugouts below. It was reinforced at doubtful points by stone or concrete walls. At points particularly likely to be attacked concrete pill boxes and block houses had been installed.

The communication trenches to the rear were deep and well drained. Signs gave such information as the number of each section, the way to the officers' dugouts, and the way to the company P.C.'s.

But withal this line fell to the Americans with practically no resistance, and the deep gash in the earth was only an incident for the tanks.

The entrances to the dugouts had, in places, been choked up with banked earth, suggesting that possibly the officers had sought to prevent the men in the front line from seeking shelter in them during times of stress.

The Boche left the St. Mihiel salient so abruptly that he didn't have time to destroy the bridges, plant his usual number of booby traps, or render railroads, military and otherwise, temporarily useless, so the work of the Engineers wasn't as varied, on the whole, as it has been in some actions.

But many Engineer detachments distinguished themselves by going over the top with the doughboys for wire-cutting and the like, and some of these remained with the Infantry and romped on to the finish.

In one case two Engineers and an Infantryman pushed down a road, rounded a hill at the edge of a sizeable town, fired upon a quartet of Germans, who hastily departed, and then marched into the town and proclaimed to the joyful, enthusiastic natives that they took the village in the name of President Wilson. They announced that the town would be turned back to the natives as soon as an officer arrived to take charge of the ceremony.

The Engineers were particularly quick in getting some of the Boche rolling stock to rolling again. One unit was operating a German narrow gauge railroad 12 hours after the Boche left it. Little locomotives were running about, their German nameplates effaced, rechristened in chalk.

"Madaline —— Company E, —— Engineers," read the inscription on one. One Engineer sergeant's best girl back in the States had been honored, even if she wasn't there to know about it.

"Can anyody run this" asked an Engineer captain of his company, pointing to one diminutive engine with a flywheel like a threshing machine.

"Sure, I can, sir," said one husky private from his company. "I've fired on 27 railroads, I've been fired from seven, I've worked on every kind of locomotive the Baldwin Works ever thought of, and I can run anything with four wheels that Fritz can build. I'll have this baby talking English in an hour."

L. Gros, Imprimeur-Gérant, 86, Rue du Sentier, Paris, Printing Office of the Continental "Daily Mail," Ltd.